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SIGN

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National Catholic Magazine

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**CAN CASTRO
SAVE CUBA?**

by GARY MacEOIN

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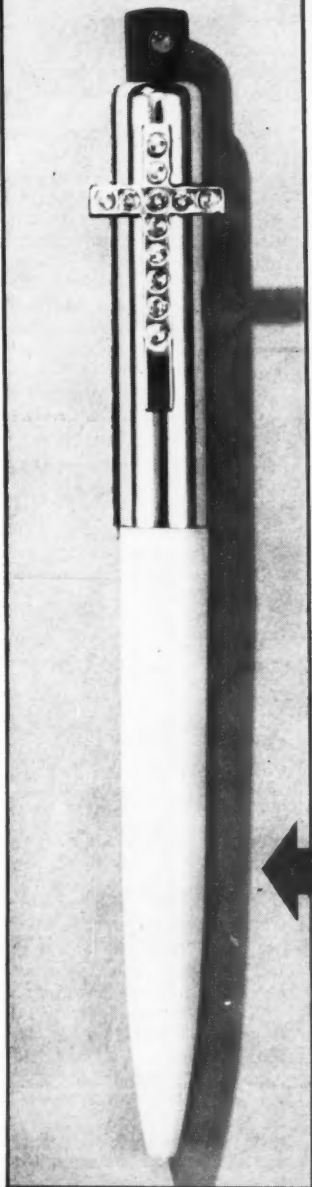
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Letters

THE JOYFUL SHEPHERD

I received much enjoyment from the
article "John XXIII: The Joyful Shepherd"
(May), particularly because I was for-
tunate enough recently to have a quasi-
private audience with His Holiness. When
I met him, I was most impressed by his
jocular attitude and kindness. He asked
me from which diocese I came, how long
I had been in the Navy, and finally tapped
me on my gold stripes and said, "You will
be an Admiral" and chuckled before pass-
ing on. My men who were on tour from
our ship, the "Franklin D. Roosevelt"
(CVA-42), to Rome had the opportunity
of seeing him three times in four days—
certainly an astonishing fact considering
his busy schedule.

H. T. LAVIN
LCDR, CHAPLAIN CORPS
U. S. NAVY

NEW YORK, N. Y.

JUDGE STEVENS

Congratulations on the truly splendid
article about my dear friend Judge
Stevens! (July). It is a fine tribute to a
great man and will, I am sure, do a world
of good.

REV. JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

As a friend of Justice Stevens and the
Catholic Interracial Council, I'm grateful
for Mr. Lomask's article. . . .

JUDGE JOHN F. X. MCGOEY
UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHAT ABOUT TV?

Congratulations to John P. Shanley for
his article "Will TV Go On Drugging the
U.S.?" (July). At last someone has struck
home! TV viewers who aren't satisfied
with today's shows seem to be content
to gripe to themselves and then forget it.
Why don't more of us write to TV sta-
tions and complain about trashy soap
operas and western fantasies? Why don't
we demand more informative programs
such as those seen early Sunday evening
dealing with Communism, war, and na-
tional affairs? Why don't we clear away
at least part, if not all, of the garbage
that so profusely litters today's television
screens?

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No. 1.



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**Whether you are thirty,
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Medical specialists are agreed that the normal heart becomes more efficient in pumping blood when repeatedly required to do so by exercise. Prolonged inactivity, on the other hand, is marked by a decline in coronary efficiency. A heart trained by exercise to withstand loads is not burdened when you want to change a tire, mow the lawn, shovel snow, dance the polka, run for your bus, or lend a strong hand around the house, office or shop.

It's good for your arteries and veins!

Medical specialists are also agreed that the normal circulatory system becomes more efficient in moving blood to and from all active regions of the body when repeatedly required to do so by exercise; and that prolonged inactivity is marked by a decline in circulatory efficiency.

It's good for your lungs!

Capacity of the breathing apparatus to handle large quantities of oxygen and to re-

move heavy accumulations of carbon dioxide from the blood stream is materially increased during exercise. The ability of the breathing muscles to respond quickly and effectively when the body calls for extra oxygen is one of the most important factors contributing to total fitness.

It's good for your nerves!

Your sense of sight, hearing, taste, smell and feel, and your emotions, memory, reflexes and reasoning power all stem from your nerve cells. The beneficial effects of exercise on the nerve cells and the psyche are acknowledged by medical authorities. Exercise helps relieve nervous stress and strain. It helps to counteract nervous fatigue. Ability to think more clearly or to make dynamic decisions often depend on a relaxed nervous system.

It's good for your muscles!

Exercise develops your ability to lift, bend, twist, heave and haul with ease and comfort. It promotes greater body strength, agility, speed, endurance, balance and flexibility. It helps to keep the figure youthful, slender and attractive.

It helps control weight!

If you cannot curb your appetite or your choice of highly fattening foods, then you naturally will gain weight. You should add daily exercise to your mode of living. For only

through daily exercise can you hope to keep some or all of the extra calories you consume from turning into more body fat.

It ups your vitality!

The more vigorously you exercise, the more vitality you will have, and the more energy you can spare when you put extra effort into your work, hobby, or sport. Energy can be compared to nothing more than unleashed vitality stored in muscles during exercise.

It's good for your stomach!

The processes of digestion and elimination respond as effectively to exercise as do other normal parts of the body. The handling of food by stomach and intestinal muscles becomes more efficient as these muscles are prodded into greater activity by exercise.

It stimulates your glands!

The normal endocrine system, that vast chemical manufacturing and storage system of the body upon which all cell life depends, is another beneficiary of exercise. Here are produced *hormones*—those important chemical messengers that regulate so many vital body functions; *enzymes*, so important to the chemistry of the body; *bile*, so important to the digestive system; and many, many other vital endocrines. When the body is engaged in exercise, every gland is stimulated to do more of Nature's work.

How to start exercising if you are out of condition



It's no longer necessary to twist, bend, strain and deplete your energy in order to keep yourself slender, active and youthful. And you can stop struggling with yourself and with manually operated devices. For there's nothing that can put you back into good physical shape faster, easier and safer than this amazing Exercycle.

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minutes with this amazing Exercycle than you can with hours of ordinary exercising. That's why thousands of doctors keep physically fit the Exercycle way.

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Exercycle is a complete home gymnasium in itself. No form of artificial stimulation such as massages, baths, vibrations, slenderizing or reducing techniques can match its overall efficiency.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

While America busily bustles about attempting to solve every other nation's troubles, isn't she overlooking a very demanding problem of her own? Isn't she overlooking corrupted television?

MARGARET LITTLE

SCARSDALE, N. Y.

MR. KEATING AND THE CDL

Because of your very nice column and picture of Mr. Keating (May), we have been receiving many letters and inquiries. Most of these however, are being addressed to the Mayor, Chief of Police, Archbishop, et al. We feel your kindness would be even more productive if you could indicate our address: either 3901 Carew Tower (2) or 8438 Miami Road (43) in the forthcoming issue.

MRS. JAMES E. GUNNING
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

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THE IMPORTANCE OF MARY

I especially enjoyed Joseph Breig's article "The Importance of Mary," in the May issue of THE SIGN. Mr. Breig has written articles for our own Catholic newspaper, *The Catholic Transcript*. I have enjoyed his writings in the past and was most pleased to see his article in THE SIGN. He has a precious gift of writing well.

GRACE DI PIETRO

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

"STRATEGY"

I'm a bit tardy, but I do want to say congratulations on that fine sonnet "Strategy" by C. E. Maguire, which appeared in your March issue. "They Would Not Wait," by Katherine Gorman and "The Image" by Bruce Fawcett are also outstanding. Thank you for them.

PAULA KURTH

DETROIT, MICH.

"HOW DO I LOVE THEE?"

I would like to state how very much I enjoyed the short story "How Do I Love Thee?" in the May issue. Was it because the locale was Philadelphia and the Main Line? No, I do not think so, because I have read many stories with a Philadelphia background.

The warmth of Marion Benasutti's portrayal of her characters gave me, and I quote one of her sentences, "... the smell of yesteryear, nostalgic, but no longer hurting." It was delightful. I trust she will do it again.

M. ESTHER DEVLIN

NORRISTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

HELL IN CHINA

I thoroughly enjoy all the interesting and varied articles in THE SIGN. But I

thought the article "Hell in China" (April) was well-written on commune life and the Chinese people's struggle. I think your article brought commune life out, not as a cold fact, but with the emotions and sorrow it brings.

MISS MARGARET RYAN

POCAHONTAS, IOWA

COMMUNIST SECRET WEAPON

Recently I read with great interest the excellent article in your March 1959 edition "The Real Communist Secret Weapon," by William Henry Chamberlin. His quote from the Irish poet Yeats was so akin to the words of Edmund Burke to the effect: All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is for enough good men to do nothing, that it quite struck me.

Your publication is excellent. We get it here at our Naval base in Morocco through our Chaplain.

LT. (j.g.) FRANCIS J. ROMANCE
USNR

NEW YORK, N. Y.

"STAGE AND SCREEN"

I have always enjoyed reading "Stage and Screen" so I decided to write and tell you.

It really keeps me posted as to which movies are fit to attend. When I see the name of a movie, it is sometimes hard to judge whether it is fit to go to or not, but your brief summary of the current movies each month is a wonderful and practical standard for any good Catholic to go by.

MARIE MCINTYRE

DETROIT, MICH.

MADONNA HOUSE

I wish to commend you for your fine article on Madonna House (May), a secular institute for training people in the work of the lay apostolate.

I believe it is very important that work of this kind should be brought to the attention of our Catholic lay people. It is time that their influence should be felt. Catholics can no longer afford to be Sunday Catholics only. Perhaps if more publicity is given to such activities as Madonna House and the summer schools of Catholic Action, a lively interest in the lay apostolate can be awakened among Catholic readers.

The discussions, lectures, and classes of Madonna House, together with the well-integrated prayer life, provide a wonderful atmosphere for people to live and grow in the lay apostolate. ...

MARY ELLEN TRUEMAN

WINONA, MINN.

IMMIGRATION LAWS

I would like to commend you on your April editorial "Toward Humane Immigration Laws." It was especially edifying to realize your keen understanding of this problem and your accentuation on the

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The SIGN[®]

National Catholic Magazine

August, 1959

Volume 39, No. 1



What made Curé
of Ars great?

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welcome her?

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Can he weld
science, religion?

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Whom does witch
doctor fear?

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What odder quartet could be found than above—the Curé of Ars, model Mariann Lenchak of Ukraina, scientist Tom Monahan of New York, and a Guatemalan witch doctor named Ren? Aside from their own fascinating stories, they illustrate THE SIGN'S manner of seeing world events through the people involved. "Faces of the East" (Page 27) is a striking example of what we mean. The girl on the cover is a Pakistani teen-ager.

Cover photo by Ed Lettau

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Dealing with the Russians

THE FIRST ROUND of conferences at Geneva revealed at least something which should be of value in present and future negotiations with the Reds. They want West Berlin as their own so that a united Berlin can become capital of the East German satellite state. They want it as a steppingstone toward a Germany unified under Communist domination, as a means of further advances to the west, and as a proof to all the world that they are top-bullies and get what they want simply by threatening us. They expect it to be handed to them on a silver platter without concessions on their part, beyond some innocuous, face-saving arrangement.

West Berlin is a thorn in the side of the Reds. It is right in the middle of their satellite empire. It offers an escape hatch to 125,000 refugees yearly from the benefits of a Communist paradise. It is a constant reminder to East Germany and the rest of the Red empire of Western cultural and economic superiority. In the midst of a brutal Red dictatorship, it is an object lesson in the benefits of freedom of speech and the press and of freedom from arbitrary arrest and imprisonment.

It would appear that Khrushchev is convinced that we are going to let him have West Berlin if he continues to wait, talk, and threaten. He doesn't think Eisenhower meant what he said about "not giving an inch." The West has given him encouragement in this belief. In some respects we have shown ourselves weak, divided, and over-conciliatory.

We declared that we would never recognize the East German puppet regime, but we gave it a sort of backdoor recognition by sitting down with the East Germans at Geneva. We even offered to accept them as agents of the Russians in controlling traffic between West Germany and Berlin. We offered to freeze the number of Western troops in Berlin, as if a few thousand could be a menace to twenty-two Red divisions surrounding the city. We dickered over elimination of atomic weapons in West Berlin, although such weapons would be our only possible hope of defense in the face of overwhelming Red superiority in other fields. We made a great to-do

about not negotiating under threat of an ultimatum, and we negotiated at Geneva under such a threat because the word ultimatum was withdrawn.

We are weakened by the fact that there are serious differences among the Western powers. As usual, the British are naïve about the possibilities of negotiations with the Reds. (They were the same with Hitler.) Christian Herter gave the American people an objective analysis of the first round of fruitless discussions at Geneva. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan told the House of Commons that it would be a mistake "to underrate the degree of success that has already taken place at the foreign ministers' conference." (The Reds expressed the same opinion!)

There are other signs of weakness in the West. West Germany is split by internal political squabbles; France's military might is involved in North Africa and she is scrapping with Nato and the U.S. over atomic weapons and French prestige in Nato; Nato itself has never been built up to minimum defense requirements and many members are even cutting down on present forces; in spite of Geneva disillusionments, the British are still pushing for a summit conference; all the Nato countries are pursuing a business-as-usual policy without any thought of the fact that we are sitting on a volcano that may erupt any moment.

EVERY CONCESSION we have offered the Reds has been met with an emphatic and scornful no. They want all or nothing. They will accept only surrender. They think that we have been frightened by their atom rattling. It is our task to convince them that we have duly considered the alternatives and have decided against surrender.

Whatever the results of the Geneva Conference, we think the Germans were right in proposing a summit conference of the West. We need unity and strength and they can come only from agreements at the top. Berlin is only one skirmish in what will probably be a long-drawn-out war of nerves. We should be ready for it.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Editorials in Pictures and Print

Happy Birthday, N.C.W.C.

Last month, the National Catholic Welfare Conference celebrated its fortieth birthday. We consider this a proper occasion to tell our readers about this vital organization.

Many are misled by the term "Welfare" in its title. Actually, the N.C.W.C. is the secretariat for the Catholic Bishops of the United States. It is their listening post, and, at times, their spokesman, in connection with the national interests of the Church. Its origin can be traced to the First World War, when a National Catholic War Council was formed to take care of the needs of our soldiers.

Most Catholics come in contact with the N.C.W.C. through Catholic Relief Services. C.R.S.—N.C.W.C. has performed nobly in meeting the needs of those stricken by war and the aftermath of war throughout the world.

We also see the initials NC in most of the national and international dispatches printed in our Catholic press. Its far-flung network of correspondents keeps us informed of developments anywhere affecting the Church. On the other side of the picture, there is an Information Bureau at N.C.W.C. that serves the secular press. Accurate stories about complex Church affairs, such as an Ecumenical Council or a Papal Conclave, are carefully prepared. Both the N.C.W.C. Press Department and its Information Bureau have close, friendly contacts with secular news agencies.

Washington is now a world capital. Particularly since the end of World War II, the flood of foreign visitors, ranging from high officials to private citizens, has been

incessant. Many of these people want to know about the Church in the United States. They can get this information from the Foreign Visitors' Bureau, N.C.W.C.

N.C.W.C. has many departments and bureaus that deal with specialized problems. In addition to the fields already mentioned, there are: education; immigration; health, hospitals, and nursing; social action; international peace; family life. The N.C.W.C. also maintains three national councils: Catholic Men, Catholic Women, and Catholic Youth.

At this Washington center are housed the National Catholic Community Service (for service men and women); the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine; and the Mission Secretariat of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. This listing deals only with major types of activity and organization. For example, the Youth Department includes a number of youth groups, such as the Newman Club Federation. A New York office of N.C.W.C. observes United Nations activities that might affect the Church.

The result is that practically any group in Washington, whether governmental or private, can receive answers to questions it may have about Church practice or policy. The Church in turn lets its view be known, usually informally, but occasionally in formal statements or Congressional testimony. No wonder that this type of organization, pioneered in the United States, has been imitated by Catholics in fifty other countries throughout the world.



Courage and charity rode with Dr. Joseph Foust and his family of Ionia, Mich., who set out for the village of Mbeya, Tanganyika, in Central Africa. Sponsored by the Foundation for All Africa Inc., Dr. Foust, 35, plans to devote his life to caring for Africans without salary. He paid fare and brought a house-trailer to live in. Mrs. Foust will teach their children

RELIGIOUS NEWS

West Germany's Ludwig Erhard is frustrated because Adenauer won't relinquish the Chancellorship. Adenauer will hurt Western strength by denigrating successor

UPI



RELIGIOUS NEWS

After forty years as the dominant figure in Ireland's politics, Eamon De Valera has risen to the Presidency; it is hard to imagine "Dev" as just a figurehead

UPI



Further proof of the reconciliation of France to the Holy See was seen in de Gaulle's visit to Pope John. Gifts were exchanged, and the Pope praised France's astonishing capacity for recovery "in the face of danger"

In the state of Kerala, India, Communists, who were legally elected to office, tried to take over private schools, many of them Catholic. When unarmed crowds protested, police opened fire, killing thirteen persons, mourned by relatives in this scene. A bishop, who was stoned, said the shooting was intended to terrorize Catholics. Communists, wherever they are, fear religion

UPI



A three-year-old Tibetan boy is safe in India. His countrymen are suffering at hands of Chinese Communists, trying to absorb and extinguish the Tibetan race by persecution, plunder, and execution. Another reason to keep Red China out of the U.N.

WIDE WORLD





Shirley O'Neill's heroism in defying a shark, rescuing a swimmer, and baptizing him before he died is an inspiration for youth. Shirley is a CYO counselor in San Francisco



Every summer, Rosemary Macklem of Cleveland gives up her office job to tour Indian missions, passing out clothing she has collected all winter. The Indians are destitute, she says. Her charity points to the callow treatment of the Redmen by the white men

RELIGIOUS NEWS PHOTOS

Richard Cardinal Cushing, center, with FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover and Preston J. Moore, American Legion, urges high schools and colleges to teach Communism as "an intrinsic evil," as cancer is taught to medical students



Hoffaism Must Go

Using the shocking exposures brought to light by the Senate Rackets Committee, the nation's news reporters, editors, and columnists have been keeping James Riddle Hoffa and the Teamsters in the public eye. Recently the *Saturday Evening Post* launched a seven-part series on Hoffa, his works and pomps. Immediately before that, *Life* magazine devoted three articles to the unusual career of Jimmy Hoffa. On June 24, CBS television presented the nation with an hour documentary on the strange case of Jimmy Hoffa and the problem he currently poses to the U.S.A. Jimmy Hoffa has been in the news—and the news is not good for America.

Jimmy Hoffa is now a prominent man. He is a man who has arrived the hard way. With a tremendous capacity for work, driving energy, physical self-discipline, and a genius for organization, he has fought his way to the top of the nation's biggest union. As a leader, he is tough, dynamic, and decisive. Unfortunately, he has been so busy across the years fighting his way to the top that apparently he never had time to become truly civilized. In a democratic society, he is a square peg in a round hole. He would have been a natural in a jungle.

The root of Hoffaism is expressed in the Teamsters' oath: never to subordinate the Teamsters' interests to the interests of any other organization. Judging by his constant refusal to clean house, by his continued use of hoodlums in operating his union, by the expulsion of the Teamsters from the AFL-CIO combine for failure to conform to the standards set for decent trade unionism, by his arrogant defiance of Federal officials, by his contempt for the monitor committee set up by the courts to nudge him into decency, Jimmy is strongly antisocial. According to the article in *Life*, May 25, he considers Edward Bennett Williams as the only lawyer he can really depend on for keeping him out of trouble. "To hell with all that book law," says Jimmy Hoffa. "Ed Bennett Williams has got some original thought."

Jimmy's basic ideas appear far from original. In fact, they seem as old as the law of the jungle. The same *Life* article cites Jimmy's cardinal rule for the Teamsters: "We don't arbitrate grievances. We strike the b----s instead!" The article describes Jimmy's process of slow strangulation till he brings a protesting employer to his knees: local pressure (by boycotts and pickets); then regional, if necessary; and if that is not enough, "then we close him down across the whole—country."

Hoffaism must go. The bigger a union, the greater should be its sense of public responsibility. America urgently needs industrial peace, not only for the sake of domestic tranquility, but in order to meet the ominous challenge of many other nations rapidly becoming industrialized and threatening to outproduce and outsell America. Only great co-operation between labor and management can meet this challenge.

There is no place today for horse-and-buggy union leaders, much less for jungle chieftains. Union leaders today have to be of keen intelligence, with a wide acquaintance not only with business operations but with the interrelation of the whole economy of the nation. Top union leaders today must have the caliber of statesmen. Fortunately, there are men like Reuther and Meany who can sit down with government officials or management and intelligently and equitably discuss the nation's economy. But the union

leader who enters a business office like a hoodlum is a tremendous drag on the national welfare.

Jimmy Hoffa and his union control the daily work of 90 per cent of the nation's men manning intercity truck transportation. By pacts with other unions, such as the Maritime, the International Seafarers, and Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's Union, Jimmy Hoffa is in a position, and he knows it very well, to call a general strike throughout the nation—to bring the national economy to a halt. This is too much power in the hands of any one man. It is far too much in the hands of men like Jimmy Hoffa. The people of the United States now must look to their Congressional representatives to take the necessary action to rid the industrial life of America of Hoffaism.

New Trend in Social Action

Organizations within the Catholic Church in America have mushroomed during the past sixty years. Since the 30's a great many of these organizations have been concerned with the social problem: fair wages and working conditions, industrial relations, interracial justice, rural life, urban life, family life, professional life, etc.

The history of most of these organizations shows them vitally growing up with the times, expanding from local to regional to national stature. This process of unification is specially shown by the National Council of Catholic Men, which currently has affiliated nine thousand organizations (mostly parish units) and numbers eight million, and the National Council of Catholic Women, which currently has affiliated about 11,500 organizations (mostly parish units) and numbers nine million women.

In recent years, a new trend has been developing. Continuing the process of unification already achieved by the national groups and the NCCM and NCCW, a new liaison organization has arisen. Growing out of the former Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, and after annual meetings in Cleveland, 1955, New Orleans, 1956, and Chicago, 1957, this newly formed national group has come forward with a duly approved constitution and held its first national convention at Notre Dame last summer.

This new organization is The National Catholic Social Action Conference, popularly known as Nacsac (NCSAC). It is composed chiefly of members and leaders of social action groups throughout the nation, variously drawn from labor, management, and industrial relations groups; diocesan social action groups; rural life and urban life groups; family life groups; professional life groups; student and adult education groups; interracial groups; co-operatives; etc. The new organization is designed to provide a common meeting ground for all Catholic Social Action groups in America—for the exchange of ideas and discussion of mutual problems. Out of such continuing discussion it is intended to develop greater solidarity among the members of the Mystical Body of Christ in America; to make the voice of Catholic tradition sound more clearly in American public opinion; and also to provide a more unified and intelligent approach to solving socio-cultural problems in America. NCSAC will hold its second annual convention at St. Louis University, August 28-30. The Board of Directors, consisting of forty social action leaders across the nation, will meet August 27.

Critics of the Church in America have often deplored the fact that a group of 35 million Catholics have proportionately little influence on American cultural life, despite the tremendous cultural traditions of the Catholic Church. The new trend in Catholic Social Action gives good hope that this deficiency will be remedied.

VIEWS IN BRIEF

Newspapers. A committee of religious leaders in New York City—priests, ministers, and rabbis—recently sent a report to the mayor. Their comments can be applied to other cities. Of newspapers, they said in part: "Yet, all too often, a segment of the press negates its positive contributions by headlining and highlighting the very stories that carry a destructive influence, especially to our young. It panders in news stories, features, and pictures to the desire for vicarious immoral pleasure. It permits lurid advertising for the promotion of various wares, especially motion pictures. In the course of its legitimate concern with books, plays, and movies, it recommends to the general public those that are, at very least, questionable in their standards concerning decency, honesty, patriotism, and family life and appeal to man's lowest tastes."

Magazines. On magazines, they wrote: "A great number of these publications is salacious in content and abnormal in psychology. The only reason for these magazines' existence is financial gain, irrespective of the ruin they can occasion to lives. These operators, for the most part, are content to stand on the line of legal defensibility as the justification for their publication. Outright pornography, being illegal, they will platonically condemn, but salaciousness they present and encourage."

The Public. One program the committee recommended was: "The public should be educated, informed, and alerted to the danger in pornographic and salacious publications to provide a climate of opinion unfavorable for their dissemination." Here is our responsibility. We can not wash our hands simply because we have not caused this disease. We must do what we can to wipe it out.

The Lady's Not Alone. The fuss over the obscene passages in *Lady Chatterly's Lover* is diverting public attention from a much more menacing aspect of the pornography problem. Bad as LCL is, filthy magazines and picture books constitute a greater danger to the most susceptible segment of the public—youths and perverts. These are the publications which are flooding the newsstands and even getting into homes via the mail box. These are the publications which are endangering the moral strength of America. If we want to protect the youth of the land, we will have to concentrate our attack on the most sinister evil—the 25- and 50-cent dirt at the corner store.

The Real America. What, asked Adlai E. Stevenson, should Khrushchev be shown if he ever visited the U.S. to open his eyes about the real America? Whereupon, the former Democratic Presidential nominee ticked off eight sights: a session of Congress or committee hearing, an integrated school, the International Harvester Co., Tennessee Valley Authority, a corn farm in downstate Illinois, a housing development, a state fair, and a college campus. Well, that is an interesting collection of alleged Americana, but we would prefer to take Khrushchev to services in Catholic and Protestant churches and Jewish synagogues and let him experience the dimensions of religious freedom in this land. Beneficial as T.V.A. and International Harvester are, the Soviet boss should realize that Americans haven't placed all our faith in them.

THE UNFINISHED REFORMATION

JOHN A. HARDON, S. J.



ED LETTAU

The liturgical similarity between some Protestant groups and Catholics is evident as Rev. W. Robert Hampshire, rector, St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Farmingdale, N.Y., celebrates Eucharist service in English

When President Van Dusen of Union Theological Seminary was recently asked, "What are Protestants protesting against?" he sharply replied, "They are not protesting against anything." Their name, he said, means a solemn affirmation of religious belief.

However, all that we know of Protestantism as a

Disunity in their beliefs is the chief mark of Protestant churchmen

historical movement confirms the judgment that its nature is less positive than sectarian. Protestant churches cannot grow without dividing in protest against their opponents, and their culture cannot flourish without schism. This is one of the best ways of understanding a form of Christianity that for most Catholics is nothing more than a strange and alien creed.

The process of disintegration began on the last day of October in 1517, when Martin Luther nailed his theses to the church door of the castle at Wittenberg. Three years later the revolution was in full swing, when Leo X condemned Luther for denying the Roman Primacy and freedom of the will and for claiming that no matter how ostensibly good, every human action is a sin.

While it is true that Luther was chronologically the first of the so-called Reformers, and until his death in 1546 was the mainstay of opposition to Rome, the Protestant churches of modern times really had four beginnings. Luther told the people they were all priests in their own right; that every Christian, no matter how lowly, was inspired of God to interpret the Bible without dependence on ecclesiastical teaching. Thousands took him at his word, and as early as 1520 the Anabaptists rejected infant baptism and the kind of ministry organized by Luther. Their radicalism gave birth to such disparate bodies as the Mennonites and Congregationalists, the Baptists and Quakers, and into modern times the Unitarians and Seventh-Day Adventists. Most of the Protestant culture in America is of this independent variety.

The stream of Protestant origins also included the Presbyterian concept of Christianity, with an emphasis on absolute predestination. In 1536 John Calvin published his *Institutes of the Christian Religion*, in which he declared that "by an eternal decree God has decided in His own mind what He wishes to happen in the case of each individual. For all men are not created on an equal footing, but for some eternal life is pre-ordained, for others eternal damnation."

Finally, in England, the uxorious Henry VIII set in motion a resistance to the papacy that his daughter, Queen Elizabeth, fixed into a theological system. Her parliament of 1563 made the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion obligatory on all citizens under heavy penalties. Instead of "papalism," as in the Church of Rome, Anglicans pro-

fess an episcopalian form of government in which the bishops and not the Pope are the seat of final authority. Dependence on the State has given Episcopalians a measure of external stability. The only major schismatics were the Methodists in the eighteenth century, when John Wesley broke with the English ritual and assumed episcopal powers to consecrate the bishops he needed to perpetuate his "witness of the spirit."

What is the picture of world Protestantism after four hundred years? The best description in one word is *disunity*. While more pronounced in America than elsewhere, the dissonant tendency at the heart of the Protestant religion goes back to the time of the Reformation and is now universal.

In less than a generation after Wittenberg there was such a medley of opinion on fundamental teaching that the Reformers themselves, in the words of Luther's friend Melancthon, feared "the utter destruction of religion from all these dissensions." In our own day, every possible form of discord is apparent and frankly admitted. Churches differ radically in their official statements of doctrine; within denominations of the same family are further varieties; periodically the churches change their professions of faith and repudiate what formerly was required belief; most vacillating are the positions of churchmen and theologians, normally at variance among themselves and often against what their churches profess, while remaining in good standing in the ministry or representing the very institutions they oppose.

On the broadest level, the confessions of faith and opinions of churchmen differ especially in three areas: the meaning of the Incarnation and the divinity of Christ, the relation of grace and free will in the economy of salvation, and the function of the Eucharist or, in Protestant language, the Supper of the Lord.

In their statements of doctrine, Protestants still profess to believe in the Trinity and the Incarnation of the Son of God. With rare exceptions, they in-

clude among their symbolical writings the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. Nominally, therefore, they would accept a distinction of persons in the Godhead and the fact that Christ was in some sense divine. But beyond this verbal agreement the variety of interpretation is infinite.

A minority of churchmen explains the Trinity and Christ's divinity with complete deference to Christian tradition. Concordia Lutheran seminarians are taught that God is absolutely one and that He is also three persons, really distinct; that "when Scripture calls Christ 'God' and 'the Son of God,' it uses these terms in their proper and metaphysical sense." Baptist evangelists such as Billy Graham, and fundamentalists generally, subscribe to the same doctrine.

At the other extreme are liberals in every denomination who claim that the Trinity and Incarnation are a product of later reflection and not a *kerygma* or message originally found in the Scriptures. In Germany, Rudolph Bultmann says "it is beyond question that the New Testament presents Jesus Christ as the Son of God, a pre-existent divine being, and therefore to that extent a mythical figure." What he leaves of the Gospels after "demythologizing" them has not the slightest resemblance to the teachings of the Lutheran Church in which Bultmann is a leading figure. The American Reinhold Niebuhr stands in the same relation to the United Church of Christ. He considers the Incarnation "impossible" and the Council of Nicea "absurd" for condemning Arius who taught that Christ was only the greatest of creatures.

The original cleavage between evangelical and reformed churches stems from the contrary emphasis that Luther and Calvin placed on the mystery of predestination. In both systems the slogan was "to God alone the glory," with a corresponding denial or obscuration of man's efforts on the road to salvation. But where Calvin stressed the divine transcendence and sovereign will, Luther favored sentiments of absolute trust in God's mercy. Reformed theology was little concerned with man's sinfulness as such; its theory of arbitrary consignment of some people to heaven and others to hell, irrespective of their deeds, looked upon sin as a mark of perdition and on sinners (defined by Calvinist standards) as predestined victims of divine justice. Evangelists softened or ignored the Calvinist side of Luther and built a system of grace in

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WORLD PROTESTANTS

ASIA 9,000,000

OCEANIA, INCLUDING AUSTRALIA 8,500,000

AFRICA 7,000,000

SOUTH AMERICA 3,000,000

AMERICAN PROTESTANTS

LUTHERANS 7,529,773

PRESBYTERIAN AND REFORMED 4,493,211

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST 3,693,599

LATTER DAY SAINTS (MORMONS) 1,491,276

PENTECOSTAL ASSEMBLIES 366,004

CHURCHES

CATHOLIC

1 CHURCH TO
EVERY 1715
PERSONS



PROTESTANT

1 CHURCH TO
EVERY 214
PERSONS



CLERGY

CATHOLIC

52,689
PRIESTS OR
1 TO EVERY
800 LAYMEN



PROTESTANT

355,853 ORDAINED
PROTESTANT MINISTERS
OR 1 TO EVERY 170
LAYMEN



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

which the sinner must not despair but trustfully hope that, in spite of his impotence to avoid evil, God will finally save him through the imputed merits of Christ.

Protestant churches and theologians have either followed one of these conditions, or combined the two in a strange mixture, or departed from them in the defection of Catholic principles. In South Africa, much of the current trouble over race relations stems from the dominant Reformed Church's attitude on predestination applied to the social sphere. To cut across barriers established by God is simply to resist providence. Hence the need for keeping the Negroes and whites separated, as pre-ordained by the divine will. Yet the same Calvinist (Presbyterian) churches in America have repudiated Calvin. Their Westminster Confession reads that "Men are fully responsible for their treatment of God's gracious offer of salvation, and no man is hindered from accepting it." Methodist churchmen are perplexed because John Wesley fluctuated between Calvin and Catholicism

on the question of human freedom.

The Lord's Supper was a bone of contention from the first days of the Reformation. Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, and Cranmer each had his own theory on the Real Presence. They oscillated among four variables: whether the Eucharistic presence was real or only symbolic; if real, whether it was bodily or only spiritual; and whether bodily or spiritual, does it take place at the words of consecration or in the act of communion; and if the words of consecration effect a change, is it transubstantiation or only impanation—does the substance of bread and wine remain or is it converted into the Body and Blood of Christ?

These differences still remain, except that four centuries of rationalism have corroded much of the Protestant belief in a Real Presence as understood by Martin Luther or even Cranmer. Zwingli's pure symbolism is practically common doctrine among the free churches in the Baptist and Congregational tradition. Calvin's theory of a spiritual presence has entered Presbyterian and Methodist theology. "The

body of Christ," says the Methodist ritual, "is given, taken, and eaten only after a heavenly and spiritual manner." If certain Methodists believe in a corporeal Eucharist, they do so on their own and quite against the church's official formulary. Confessional Lutherans "unanimously reject the doctrine that the bread and wine are only figures" and postulate "a sacramental union of the intransubstantiated essence of the bread and of the body of Christ."

Episcopalians of the Anglo-Catholic persuasion go further. They believe in a real bodily presence under the species and explain the article of their creed which denies transubstantiation as "antiquated" and directed against certain Catholic abuses of the sixteenth century. Several congregations of Episcopalian nuns express this faith in their practice of adoration "before the Blessed Sacrament exposed" on the altar. One of the heaviest trials for an Anglo-Catholic minister is to have a Low Church bishop who places restrictions on his clergy's profession of faith in the Eucharist.

Although Protestant disunity is noth-

Protestants are cautious — at best — about the Ecumenical Council

ing new, the churches' awareness of their condition and desire to improve it are so widespread and profound that observers regard this as the greatest development in religious history since the Reformation. Its technical name is the ecumenical movement, which may be described as a revolutionary change in attitude among non-Catholic Christian bodies which, for the first time in four hundred years, are seriously trying to heal their disharmony.

For practical purposes the ecumenical movement in modern times may be identified with the formation of the World Council of Churches, whose juridical existence is less than twenty years old. In 1910 the Protestant World Missionary Conference held its first meeting at Edinburgh, Scotland, on the basis of national representatives. To remedy the evil of competition among the churches in the mission field, the conference delegates suggested that a study group be formed to explore and, as far as possible, solve the points of disagreement.

The American Episcopalians took the lead by inviting "all churches which accept Jesus Christ as God and Savior to join in conferences for the consideration of all questions pertaining to the Faith and Order of the Church of Christ." Due to the approaching World War and its aftermath, it was not until 1927 that the First World Conference on Faith and Order was held at Lausanne in Switzerland and laid the doctrinal foundation of the future World Council.

Subsequent meetings at Edinburgh, Oxford, and Utrecht joined the forces of Faith and Order with another group, devoted to Life and Work and supplying unity among Christians on the social and economic level. In 1948 the World Council of Churches had its first international assembly at Amsterdam, where representatives from 147 churches "united their praises to God and their fervent prayers that His Holy Spirit might help them to carry out His design in a disordered and frightened world." While the membership includes a number of "Orthodox" churches, the whole structure and orientation of the Council are Protestant.

Six years later the second world assembly met in Evanston, Illinois, with 1,200 delegates representing 170 million church members. After three weeks of deliberation they issued a formal manifesto on "Our Oneness in Christ and Our Disunity as Churches." It was a pathetic mixture of hope and despair.

Still wedded to the Lutheran concept of total depravity, the Council pessimists

said the Church of Christ has been divided from the very beginning. Therefore the most we can look for in this life is that God will make all things work together unto good, "even our divisions." Against this defeatist attitude, the less Protestant element observed that in spite of their differences the churches still have something in common: they all respect the Scriptures and honor the name of Jesus and, with some exceptions, all receive baptism and the Lord's Supper. Why not build on this foundation in the spirit of self-surrender, by giving up whatever belief or practice obstructs understanding?

The success of the ecumenical movement will depend on what values become dominant in the member churches. If the rigid Reformation theory prevails, according to which the Church's unity is invisible and her disunity inevitable, then the ecumenical movement is destined to failure. Members in the World Council may still co-operate in solving their social and economic problems, but real unitive progress is impossible where sectarian discords in faith and worship are conceded, on principle, to be incurable.

A more hopeful judgment is given by those who take their stand with the actionists in the World Council. Without trying to rationalize their disunity or, as some did at Evanston, accuse the Catholic Church of "monstrous heresies," they prefer to work and pray "as the Holy Spirit may guide us." The sanguine element wishes to find "the way that leads beyond mere co-operation to a true unity that will make it clear to the whole world, that as there can be only one Body of Christ, so there is only one Body which is the Church of His people."

Coming from the Calvinist Secretary-General, these sentiments reflect a balanced appraisal of a new spirit in Protestantism that the Holy See has recognized in official documents and described as an inspiration of grace, leading all men to the unity for which Christ had prayed to His Father.

In January Pope John XXIII announced that he was planning a General Council of the Church to promote Christian unity. Protestant reaction was spontaneous, but not enthusiastic. The liberal press ran a series of articles and editorials that ranged from discourtesy to open derision. According to the *Christian Century*, the chief service of the forthcoming council would be "one which it is entirely unlikely to render:

the repeal of the dogma of papal infallibility. Unless a miracle occurs, there will indeed take place a great religious congress which press releases will refer to as 'the ecumenical council.' It will, however, be a denominational synod."

At the other extreme, Episcopalian leaders said they looked forward to entering into "consultative dialogue" with Catholic churchmen, and the Archbishop of Canterbury indicated that the Anglican Church would send observers, if invited. Secretary Visser 'T Hooft of the World Council of Churches commented that much would depend "on how ecumenical the council will be in composition and spirit."

But the majority were cautious and noncommittal. President Marc Boegner of the Federation of Protestant Churches of France recognized that a new climate of friendship has developed among the great Christian confessions, but as between Protestants and Catholics, "there are barriers that are humanly insurmountable."

His American counterpart, President Dahlberg of the National Council of Churches, was equally coy. "Anything that would bring together all the churches of Christ would be blessed of God." But he added, "it would have to be a mutual coming together, not under conditions laid down by one church for all the others." In other words, if Rome gave Protestants the right to pass judgment on her teaching, they would be happy to join in the twenty-first Ecumenical Council.

A Catholic estimate of Protestantism must take into account two sets of factors that are frequently overlooked, one variable and the other constant.

► The variables are the whole complex of changes which the imagination of the Reformers added to the teachings of Christ or subtracted from Christianity. Their number is myriad and, in fact, as large as the number of Protestants who, on Luther's word, are all personally instructed by God.

► The stable part is whatever the churches of the Reformation have retained or borrowed from Roman Catholicism, which is often much, as among Anglicans, and often obscured by a strange vocabulary that sometimes borders on jargon. Yet, for many Protestants, this constant element is the most precious heritage of their faith, which they seek to preserve at any cost; and they want nothing more than to increase their possession of what, objectively, is derived from the Catholic Church.

CAN

CASTRO

SAVE

CUBA?



WIDE WORLD

The wealthy are running for cover, the poor are still poor,
and Communists are infiltrating into key jobs

by **GARY MacEOIN**

CASTRO'S REVOLUTION has made quite a few enemies in five months. His leadership has raised doubts in many more minds. However, on one basic point I found absolute unanimity when I visited Cuba in June after an interval of twelve months: All agree that Castro's victory has brought the country tremendous benefits. No matter what mistakes the amateur politicians who now decide Cuba's destiny may make—and they are making some real whoppers—the people will still be ahead.

"This is the aspect of our situation it is easiest to overlook," the editor of a Catholic magazine reminded me. "We all tend to forget what we have gained and think only of what we still lack. But our plusses in this instance are basic. Once again we enjoy civil liberties. We can walk abroad freely without fear of arbitrary arrest, torture, and assassination. We can now rebuild our

destroyed organizations. We can express our views in speech and writing."

My recent observations in Cuba convinced me he was right. It seemed to me that there was, in addition, a substantial restoration of public morality. It was not merely that the slot machines were gone from the casinos and bars, reducing the temptation to gamble of those who could not afford it. The entire apparatus of crime seemed to have withdrawn into the shadows. Not a single tout or cabdriver voiced the blunt invitations to vice to which a year ago I was subjected at every turn. And only one cabbie overcharged me.

Most of those to whom I mentioned this improvement in the moral climate agreed with me. "The Batista gang gave organized crime protection in return for pay-offs," one said, "but all that has stopped. Of course, the syndicates haven't disappeared overnight. But the

new regime has made no deal with them. These boys are idealists and they really want to clean up. So at least for the moment, things are better."

The reality of freedom of expression at the present time cannot, I think, be questioned. Indeed, I was greatly cheered by the acute awareness of the importance of maintaining this new-found freedom, in contrast with the public apathy and cynicism formerly widespread in Cuba. Batista's muzzling of the press has in this respect been beneficial.

One university professor, who was profoundly critical of Castro in all other respects, grew lyrical about the freedom of expression. "Never until now did I realize," he told me, "how basic press freedom is to all our other freedoms. So long as we can keep it, Cuba is safe."

How long they can keep it is itself a

question. Dr. José Rivero, editor of *Diario de la Marina*, Cuba's leading newspaper, organ of conservative Catholic opinion and highly critical of many of Castro's decisions, gave me some interesting data on this subject.

"Efforts have been made at various levels to curb us," he said. "We Cubans are hasty people, and we easily get mad with things we dislike. The printers' union, for example, passed a resolution that members could not print any criticism of the Revolution. And there were other incidents. But none of them stuck. I am certain that Castro and those around him want to maintain press freedom.

"But they are faced with a curious dilemma," he continued. "Extremists from inside their own group are abusing freedom of speech to denounce in the most violent and inflammatory language everyone who—like us—criticizes any official action. They call us counter-revolutionaries and call not only on the authorities but on the public to take action against us."

Dr. Rivero spread his hands wide in one of the expressive gestures with which Cubans fortify their rapid-fire speech.

"And that's the problem. You can see the Communist-type tactics and the Communist inspiration. They don't want a free press. And there is a very grave danger that they will force the regime to impose curbs in order to prevent the violence and bloodshed these tactics seek to provoke."

Sooner or later, mostly everyone gets around to a mention of Communism. Nobody thinks that Castro himself is a Communist or that his policies at this moment are dictated by Communists behind him. But many are unhappy about the trend, and especially about the ability of persons with known Communist sympathies to worm their way into key positions.

Thus, for example, the operating head of the Institute of Agrarian Reform, the official body which will have extremely wide discretionary powers in applying the law for breaking up big landholdings, is well known for his Communist sympathies. So is the Argentine, Guevara, one of Castro's top lieutenants, who was nominated when I was in Havana to go as special envoy first to Cairo and then throughout Asia and Africa. His official mission is to explain the principles and aims of the Cuban revolution to the governments of these neutralist countries, but it is obvious that in the present state of world tensions a pro-Communist envoy extraordinary from Cuba can do much to harm inter-American solidarity by his public statements and private contacts.

What is the real strength of the Com-

munists in Cuba today? I think the best summing up of this complicated problem was given me by Fr. Ignacio Biain, editor of the important Catholic periodical *La Quincena*. This was the most outspoken of the Catholic publications under Batista and it had the honor of having several entire issues seized and destroyed by him. Today, it is the Catholic voice most sympathetic to the Castro social program.

"The success of the Revolution," Fr. Biain told me, "signified a basic weakening in the Communist position. Today, because of the new freedom of expression, they make more noise and try to give the impression of great strength. But actually, under the Batista dictatorship, they had a double advantage over other political and social movements. First, they had the kind of situation of injustice which wins adherents to their program of violent revolution. And secondly, they were actually less persecuted than the rest of us. They had an understanding with Batista under which they stayed on the sidelines. It was only at the very end, when his defeat was certain, that they jumped on the bandwagon and tried to monopolize the entire credit for the liberation."

"Our intellectuals were aware of the basic injustice of Cuba's social structure, which gave wealth and comfort to a handful while the masses lived in ignorance and misery. Most of them lacked any grounding in Catholic principles, and many of them had ceased to be even nominal Catholics. Accordingly, they had no intellectual convictions that would prevent them from co-operating with the Communists. And while they had no particular leaning toward the Communist ideology as such—and indeed in many cases were totally opposed to the Soviet imperialism which it serves—they supported the only movement which had a platform of social reform.

"Castro's success has changed all that. His movement promises the things they want, and within a framework of Cuban nationalism. When the time comes to hold elections, all these people who formerly supported the Communists will vote for him and give him an overwhelming majority."

All of this, however, assumes the continuation of a definite policy of social reform. And that brings us to the weakness of Castro's situation. He is today in a unique position, because he has assumed heroic proportions in the eyes of the vast mass of his countrymen, and they are ready to follow where he leads. Indeed, it is quite astonishing to realize that, in spite of the highly emotional and violent character of the

Cuban, he has been able to maintain absolute discipline over his followers. The long-haired, slightly ridiculous teenagers, who swarm all over Havana with pistols strapped to their legs, have never got out of control.

But Castro does not seem to have a clear political or social platform. Emotionally well intentioned, he lacks a philosophical or moral basis for his views. So he embarks each day on some new reform, only to find the cure more drastic than the disease. He closed the gambling casinos but yielded to the shrieks of the discharged employees and reopened them. The face-saving formula providing that in the future only tourists could lose their money is already flouted.

By a stroke of the pen, Castro has cut all rents in half. By another, he has instituted compulsory sale, at a fraction of its value, of all building sites on which the owner fails to build. But these and other well-intentioned efforts to ease the lot of the poor are in fact merely grinding the economy to a halt. The wealthy are running for cover, and the gains for the common man are already proving illusory in the all but total stoppage of economic activity.

Of all the Castro actions, the one most heatedly discussed both in Cuba and in the United States is the project of agrarian reform. Both friends and foes regard this, and correctly, as the touchstone of the Revolution. The success or failure of the agrarian reform program will mean total success or failure of the Cuban Revolution.

In Cuba, as in many parts of Latin America, almost all the good land is owned by a few landlords who live in the capital and bring to the capital the wealth they extract from their estates. There is, and always has been, complete agreement that social reform would have to begin with land redistribution to insure wider ownership and end absentee landlordism. Cuba's national hero, José Martí, proclaimed as the fourth of the Ten Commandments of the Revolution in 1895 the need for agrarian reform. "The nation that numbers many small holders on the land is rich," he wrote. No politician ever challenged that statement. To question Martí in Cuba would be more suicidal for a politician than to question Jefferson in the United States.

Founder of the Caribbean Press Association and editor of *La Hacienda*, GARY MACEOIN knows Cuba intimately and wrote this report after a recent inspection trip. His article, "Cuba's Catholic Ground Swell," appeared in *THE SIGN* November, 1958.

But neither did anyone attempt to make this principle operative, until Castro and 1959. And the reaction to the recently promulgated law confirms the prudence of former leaders in postponing what everyone agreed was necessary. Briefly, the law provides for the splitting up of the huge estates into holdings of (usually) 64 acres, leaving a unit of approximately one thousand acres to the former owner. The value of expropriated land will be assessed on the basis of current tax valuations and the owner will be paid in 4½ per cent tax bonds, the income to be tax-exempt for ten years if invested in new Cuban industries. In addition, corporations may grow sugar cane *only* if all stockholders are Cubans; and no stockholders in such corporations may hold stock in, or operate, Cuban sugar mills.

None of these provisions is particularly novel and all of them fit into the "eminent domain" concept under which all governments, including our own, expropriate property for reasons of common benefit. Indeed all of them, except the special provisions for sugar operations, are practically identical with the procedures under which the near-totality of the agricultural land of Ireland has been transferred during the past century from absentee landlords to tenant occupants.

Also similar to the Irish Land Commission is the National Institute of Agrarian Reform (INRA), which is charged with the technical operations of land transfer. But there is a major difference, and this is where the violent criticisms are mainly concentrated.

Because the peasants of Cuba have practically no education and are unskilled in the techniques of modern farming, the effect of handing over the land to them for their discretionary use would be to bring about an immediate drop in the already inadequate agricultural production. There would likely be a quick accumulation of debt followed by the transfer of land titles to speculators.

To prevent this development, INRA will give only a qualified title to the new owners, preventing the sale of the land or pledging the land as collateral, and even restricting land transfer by inheritance. It will organize co-operatives to provide farm machinery on a contract basis and to organize the sale of produce. In addition, it can exercise many controls.

The intention of these controls is readily apparent, but the dangers inherent in them are equally evident. There is no doubt that they could easily be used to create a system scarcely distinguishable from the Communist commune. It is on this point that very



WIDE WORLD

Sixty per cent of rural Cuban homes are like this mud-caked bohio. Land reform entails more than giving Cubans decent land



PICTORIAL PARADE

School children, doing their bit to save the Cuban economy, distribute signs with the message, "Consume Cuban Products"

much of the criticism concentrates. I have no doubt that this danger exists, especially when one recalls—as I mentioned earlier—that the man chosen to head INRA is known for his left-wing tendencies.

At the same time, I think it has to be recognized that, for better or worse, the social revolution has reached Cuba. The people are no longer content to wait. They have found a leader in Castro and he has offered them something concrete which they will not relinquish.

An important group of conservative Catholics have openly broken with Castro over the agrarian reform, charging that its provisions are contrary to Catholic social doctrine and can lead the country only to Communism. I believe that they are mistaken and that their persistence in such opposition will only

strengthen the Communists who are doing everything possible to identify themselves with the Revolution and present as theirs every reform it introduces.

It seems to me that the socially advanced Catholic intellectuals, whose views are expressed in *La Quincena* and some smaller publications, are more attuned to the realities of the Cuban situation. Their organizations were shattered by Batista, but they are regrouping, and not a few of their members hold positions of importance in the trades unions and the government. The Communists have a head start, because they have a long experience of organizing and plotting in Cuba. But the Catholics have deeper roots in the country. They have enthusiastic and intelligent young leaders. It is still much too soon to write off Cuba.

THE SIGN'S PEOPLE OF THE MONTH



Jack McCartney and Marylu Langan at Young Christian Workers national office in Chicago



RUSS ARNOLD

Straight thinking and less drooling

"Let's talk about love! Let's talk about dating and marriage. Let's talk about democratic government and the 'dirty game of politics.' The trouble today is that too many young people are dreaming and drooling about love, dating, marriage, or talking about them in the wrong way. In the case of politics too many young people are doing absolutely no thinking or talking about it. What the Young Christian Workers want to do is to get hundreds of thousands of young working people to start doing some straight, serious thinking on these realities—with knowledge, understanding, and Christian conviction—and living what they are convinced of."

The Young Christian Workers' driving desire to train leaders to make society more Christ-like, illustrated by this quotation from their manual, is a principal reason the YCW stands out in the ferment of Catholic Action in the U.S. The YCW's two top leaders are a pair of twenty-seven-year-olds, Jack McCartney and Marylu Langan, who are embodiments of the challenges youth can rise to.

McCartney, YCW president, traces his feelings about a Christian's responsibility to his days as a Marine in Korea, "which forced me to think seriously about life and death, about what I was going to do with my life, if I was lucky enough to get out of Korea alive." He became a field worker for the YCW on the West Coast, then in 1957 came to the national office in Chicago, where a staff of twelve dedicated young people receive only living expenses (men share an apartment, the girls a house).

Marylu Langan, vice-president, had been a secretary at the U.N. when the YCW beckoned, giving her a chance "to help young people find a fuller meaning to life." Today 3,500 Americans in twenty-four states belong to the YCW. Their national convention in Rensselaer, Ind., in August will reflect their desire to give leadership to workers throughout the world.

When the head of the house is a doctor,
picnics and church suppers are often missed
and the family is miserable. But we're
all happy now that —

we go with daddy on his rounds

by LORRAINE WETZEL



JAMES KRAMER

*Dr. Howard Wetzel sets out
on sick calls with a
careful of companions.
Right: daughter Janie rides
a patient's horse*



"Why isn't our Daddy like other daddies? Won't he ever have time to play with us? Does he *have* to be a doctor?"

Even though our children had stamped outdoors, faces streaked with tears, the kitchen echoed with their bitter cries.

Slowly, I unpacked the picnic basket we all had such fun filling. I felt like crying myself as I lifted out the beautiful chocolate cake Janie had worked on since church. Back into the refrigerator went the untouched potato salad and ham sandwiches. I knew now we'd eat them in our own back yard.

It seemed almost impossible that only a short hour ago the Sunday had promised to be such a happy one—our long-looked-forward-to annual hike and picnic supper at Mohican State Park. Janie planned to collect leaves for her "Tree" merit badge. Rusty and Jonathan could hardly wait to blaze trails through the "wilderness" like Daniel Boone. And Howard and I anticipated the luxury of an uninterrupted day with the children and each other.

Then the telephone rang. A strangulated hernia; a two-hour operation at best. Too big a hunk out of the afternoon for our outing now!

Howard rushed to the hospital and I was left to tell the children. This is the moment I always dread because, in spite of years of practice, I've yet to learn the art of breaking bad news gently.

But this time I was spared. The youngsters heard the car back out of the driveway, raced to the kitchen, took one look at my face, and knew. Then the storm broke.

That evening Howard and I had a long talk. We both knew the situation was far more serious than just today's ruined picnic. The whole relationship between him and the children was threatened, and things couldn't go on this way without a dangerous, maybe even irreparable, rift in family loyalties.

We realized we weren't the only ones facing this problem. Many of our closest friends are also forced by their occupations to spend much of their time away from their homes and families. How often I've heard their wives say that many days they feel they're both mother and father to their children.

"I must think of some way to bring us all close together. But what?" Howard's eyes were dark with concern. "You know how it is, Lorraine, hospital rounds and anesthetics all morning, office hours all afternoon. That means the evenings are eaten up with house calls."

I nodded sadly. Our children were beginning to hate the very profession

my husband had always dreamed they would be so proud of and perhaps even follow. But what child can be expected to admire the kind of work he knows demands so much of his Daddy's time that there's never any left for fishing, a ball game, or even a cozy talk at bedtime?

Moreover, the children were turning to me every day not only for companionship but for advice. They had formed such a habit of asking me to help them solve their daily problems that at mealtime when Howard was present they still addressed their questions to me. I could see this hurt him.

"There's only one way I can think of that might work," Howard said slowly. "But it would mean you'd probably be doing dishes at all kinds of crazy hours and putting the baby to bed later than usual."

"Those are little things, darling," I brushed them aside impatiently. "Tell me your idea."

"Would you and the children like to ride along with me in the evenings and on Sundays when I make country house calls? Not all of them, of course, but maybe once or twice a week in winter and more often when the weather's nice."

Suddenly he spoke faster as if a dam of words had just broken.

"Honey, you don't know how many times I've wished for you and the kids when there's a big harvest moon or a beautiful winter sunset. They're no fun at all by myself. In fact, they make me twice as lonely. But if all of us were sharing them together I think we'd pile up a lot of happy memories."

He stopped and grinned. "Sounds pretty sentimental for a doctor, doesn't it?"

I shook my head, trying hard to swallow the lump in my throat. The children and I had always taken for granted that when Howard left on his nightly string of house calls he was far too busy to give us a second thought. Funny, it had never occurred to us that he might miss us just as much as we missed him.

Since this conversation, nearly a year ago, there have been few evenings either some or all of us haven't kept Daddy company." We pride ourselves on being the world's best tag-alongs.

You may wonder how a family of five passes the time driving from one patient's home to another and waiting in the car while Howard makes calls.

First of all, this is an excellent opportunity for detailing the day's experiences. Howard often tells funny things that happen to him—like the time he removed a wad of bologna rings from

a little boy's ear or about the farmer who asked him for pills for a sick cow. Jonathan keeps us up-to-date on the third grade's progress with "string-writing" and fire-drills. Once Janie had us close to tears over a puppy getting hit by a car in front of school (luckily it recovered, after a visit with the vet).

Second, our children love to play *Twenty Questions* and the one who's "it" searches his imagination for a subject that may range anywhere from the Statue of Liberty to a button on one of our sweaters.

Then there's something about the snugness of a family being all together in a car on a blustery night that invites singing. Especially old favorites like "Tell Me Why" and "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding." If the baby falls asleep in my lap, as he often does, we hum the rest of the way home.

So many times the children need Howard's patient understanding to unscramble their mixed-up emotions. Things can't always go their way at school or play, and sometimes a child is convinced his friends have either betrayed or are making fun of him when actually they aren't at all.

For example, Jonathan set his heart on being the next cub scout denner but another boy was appointed. Then he wasn't sure he wanted to be a cub anymore. Or, Janie says every other girl in seventh grade wears lipstick. Why can't she?

When these thunder clouds appear I give Howard the high-sign, and after supper he casually asks the disturbed child to join him alone on the house call circuit tonight. When they return an hour or so later (often with ice cream cones for all of us) Howard winks at me and I know the confidential time has been well spent.

On rare occasions we telephone a baby-sitter and I am the only tag-along of the evening. As we ride through a soft, summer night, I can see the lines of fatigue and strain disappear from Howard's face and feel my own weariness from a day of dishes, diapers, and dusting fade away. Sometimes the car radio plays a nostalgic song from our college days and we share a tender moment that reassures us our marriage is even stronger than in that first fluttery year.

On the way back, after all the calls are completed, the good talk starts and our spirits soar as we discuss our dreams of the future together—the house we hope to build, the garden we've planned

on paper for years, and that "someday" trip to Europe.

People seem to like the idea of "Doc" bringing his family along on a call, and we've made many fine friends.

One man, whose wife is a semi-invalid, has a well-stocked pond on his farm. During the summer months when he summons Howard for a routine check-up for the "Mrs." he often adds, "Tell Jonathan and Rusty the fishing poles are waiting and I just dug a can of fresh worms."

Another family has their pony saddled and ready to ride when we drive in the barnyard.

Our children have ridden a combine, hunted mushrooms, and visited a maple sugar camp. But most of all, they've seen their Daddy in action and have come to respect his work.

They've watched him mold a cast around a little girl's broken leg so she'll be able to run again. They've stood by as he picked excruciating slivers of steel from a foundryman's eye, making it possible for him to see his loved ones and the world again. And a few times they've observed his humbly sad return from the hospital when every method known to modern medicine has failed.

Naturally, our system of spending time together as a family isn't perfect, and it never will be as long as Howard is a doctor. Emergencies will always pop up.

Frequently we're called away from the drive-in in the middle of a movie and must rely on friends to tell us "the ending." We very seldom get to the football game before the second quarter (I haven't seen the flag go up in years).

But the big difference is that now, since the children realize Howard is every bit as unhappy as we are over these ill-timed but unavoidable interruptions, the disappointment is easier for all of us to bear. In fact, they're proud now that their Daddy has the nobility of character and thoroughness of training that make him want to respond to another human being's cry for help.

One rainy Sunday afternoon not long ago, we watched Howard pull on his old paratrooper boots, pick up the familiar black bag, and start wading up a muddy lane. We knew that in the house half-a-mile away three small children had raging temperatures from strep throats.

Jonathan pressed his face against the car window until Howard finally disappeared behind the front door. Then he turned to me, his eyes shining. "Mommy, do you think I'll be as good a doctor as Daddy when I grow up?"

An Ashland, Ohio, housewife, MRS. LORRAINE WETZEL has written for *Good Housekeeping* and *Better Homes & Gardens*

**Toronto, Canada, used
to be a pretty
drab place, but
a surge of old
cultures has
given it
invigorating new life**

The Immigrants Who Changed a City

By JOHN EDWARDS

One of the fastest-growing cities in the Western world is a restless paradox of American ways, British tradition, and European immigrants. Despite these diverse influences, it is developing a distinctive personality in a land which itself is experiencing exciting economic and social changes, capturing the imagination of the world. The city is Toronto, and the country Canada.

For decades the city was unflatteringly known among Canadians who lived elsewhere as "Toronto the Good" and "Hogtown," in derision of its puritanical, provincial ways. Its history made it a stronghold of Protestantism where the very mention of Quebec (synonymous with Catholic) drew scowls and barbs.

Toronto has shed this strangulating cloak and reached an emotional adulthood. In just the past few years, the Ontario city has become a mosaic of peoples, tolerant and appreciative of one another's ways—clearly the most cosmopolitan city in Canada.

The accelerated financial and industrial activity has attracted more than 350,000 immigrants since World War II, swelling metropolitan Toronto's population to 1.4 million. Now there are more Catholics (400,000) in Toronto than in any other Canadian city outside Montreal. The Catholic population has, in fact, doubled in a decade, creating church and school problems for James Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, that are now familiar in the suburbia pattern, but further complicated in Toronto by the Church's efforts to serve the newcomers in their own language. Mass is offered in several rites, and the Gospel is preached in twenty-one languages.

KARSH, OTTAWA





With the St. Lawrence Seaway now open and bringing even more business on deep-sea vessels to Toronto, which lies along the northwest corner of Lake Ontario, Church officials will scarcely have time to catch their breaths before coping with a renewed wave of migration.

The welcome which foreigners receive today would have seemed like paradise to the "foreigners" of a century ago—13,000 famine-stricken Irish immigrants—who had to endure the hostility of the English, Scots, and transplanted Americans who made up Toronto. Fever wiped out much of the Irish contingent, but the survivors gave birth to a Catholic influence (even if sometimes despised) in the community. The early Catholics launched an educational system supported by their own taxes, built charitable institutions and even a Catholic college, St. Michael's, which is now part of the University of Toronto, operated by the Province of Ontario.

Like Brazil, Canada has been a haven for the oppressed in this decade (especially with restrictions on immigrants so stringent in the U.S.). The

older Montreal, being French and closer to the European idea, has had an influx, too, but the business and industrial dynamism in Toronto has been like a clarion call.

The deluge of people, led by the Italians and Germans, started after World War II. Today, the Hungarians are also well established, along with the Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Bohemians, Greeks, Dutch, Maltese, Portuguese, Spanish, Latvians, Lithuanians, Ukrainians, Poles, Italians, Germans, Austrians, Syrians, and Slovaks. The people from the south of Ireland come again, to say nothing of the many British, and again the Scots.

Toronto's change, in some ways, is greater than the earlier transformation of a Puritan Boston to an Irish-Catholic enclave. It has come with a different impact. The Canadian city's change of face has not produced explosive tensions or outbursts. Unlike an earlier New England whose sons moved westward when the Irish and Italians came, Toronto's oldest inhabitants have stayed and the newcomers have moved in happily beside them. The immigrants have contributed to

Toronto's boom and the older people know it.

American cities have felt a migration surge, too, but with this difference: Canada likes to believe its European arrivals form a mosaic of nationhood rather than the constituents for a melting pot. Many Canadians think of the U.S. as a "melting pot"—where dozens of ethnic groups have fused into a single middle-class culture which more and more stands in contradistinction to the U.S.'s critical minority problem, the Negroes.

The Catholic Church in Toronto supports the theory that people of varying tongues and cultures should keep much of their customs and their languages while yet forming part of the nation. It is necessary here to remember that Canada was founded by the French, conquered by the British, and impregnated with a bilingual, bi-cultural, and bi-religious tradition. Thus, English and French are both official languages of the country. Heavily Catholic Quebec Province makes the country very nearly half Catholic in population.

Whether it is a harmless notion or the recognition of their own strength, Canadians think they are building a multi-lingual nation rebelling against the melting-pot idea. Thus, for a time, a certain separateness will prevail among the people.

This is by no means the same thing as the unwanted ghetto mentality. "We don't have and we don't want any 'Little Italys,'" says Arnaldo Scotti, editor of the Italian-language *Corriere Canadese*. "We Italians want to become Canadians, and we know that we have something more to offer than our mere physical presence. In a new country like Canada, the old cultures can

James C. Cardinal McGuigan,
Archbishop of Toronto,
set up a system to aid
immigrants in every parish

One of many talented
newcomers, artist Irene Nosyk
paints cell organisms for
university zoology classes





Dr. Joseph Sungaila, Lithuanian, St. Michael's Hospital radiologist



A former history professor in Lithuania, Adolph Sapoka, right, edits a Lithuanian weekly paper circulated in Toronto



make important contributions. That is what we want to do."

And they are doing it, these migrants from many lands. They're changing the character of the nation's "English" capital, Toronto. They have raised soccer to the athletic status of hockey. They fill the city's largest sports arena for the visits of the Metropolitan Opera and produce their own operas. They have made the Toronto Art Gallery a popular Sunday rendezvous. And they have made the distinguished Ontario Museum a lively hive of culture.

They have filled at least the weekend hours of some radio outlets with the world's finest music, replacing weekday rock 'n roll. Their names and faces give a new and varied aspect to local TV—Toronto originates more television production than any North American city except New York and Los Angeles. And the great metropolitan newspapers have recognized their presence and catered to them.

"I had no idea," says the publisher of one of the major dailies, "that the Baltic peoples were still so bitter against Communism until I met a group of them. They certainly don't want recognition of Red China."

The same publisher has been providing more extensive world news coverage than formerly. His paper has accepted Sunday sports, an aberration in Toronto until recently, and is paying attention to the arts as never before.

Perhaps even more surprising to a born and bred Toronto son who might return after an absence of twenty years are the weekly columns in the daily newspapers by Cardinal McGuigan, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, and

Rabbi Rosenberg—inspirational reading an earlier Toronto could not have countenanced in its wildest moments. For this is a city where Orangemen from Ulster frequently refought the Battle of the Boyne with Catholic Irishmen from the south, a city where, until the present generation, civic politics was dominated by the bitterly anti-Catholic Orange Lodge.

Some Torontonians still living recall their parents telling how ribald rouges had stoned the first Catholic bishop's carriage when he came to claim his See. And the grandsons of those who regarded the Church of Rome as "the scarlet woman" watched enthralled as Cardinal McGuigan, who had just received the Red Hat, returned from the 1946 consistory in Rome to a civic and provincial reception. To complete the picture of tolerance, a Jew, Nathan Phillips, is currently Toronto's mayor.

In the midst of Toronto's great changes has been the spiritual influence of a man who was once the world's youngest archbishop. Cardinal McGuigan was consecrated at the age of thirty-two and named archbishop at thirty-eight. He came to Toronto from the Western prairies late in the ugly Thirties. He was born in the pastoral atmosphere of Prince Edward Island, a tiny, Maritime province where Catholic and Protestant, Irish, Scots, and French have lived in harmonious neighborliness for nearly two hundred years. By temperament and background, Cardinal McGuigan was uniquely fitted to the task of making a pluralist society work.

Encouraged by the Cardinal, the parishes of Toronto have become a collec-

tive reception base for newcomers. First of all, Cardinal McGuigan invited priests from many European countries to come to his archdiocese. Religious orders sent members with a facility in languages and experience in immigrant care. Lastly, the laity was mobilized through national organizations and the Catholic Women's League.

The Catholic Immigration Bureau was established with hundreds of women volunteering their services. Every parish became, in effect, a branch office of the bureau. As the migration continued to swell, the newcomers were given personal welcomes in their parishes by Torontonians who showed that they really cared for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the immigrants.

Perhaps the Catholic Immigration Bureau's most notable accomplishment has been its method of aiding family life. From a revolving fund, it advances 75 per cent of the passage fare from Europe for relatives of immigrants. The money, which is actually a loan, is repaid over a long period; the only requirement is that the first 25 per cent be saved by those who have established themselves in Canada. It cannot be borrowed.

The bureau finds homes, recommends social contacts, establishes children in Catholic schools, and finds clothing and jobs for needy people.

In most migrations, the newcomers head for the older city areas while those who have achieved a reasonable amount of prosperity spread out to the newer sections. This trend has been only partly true in Toronto, for a large number of northern and central Europeans—among them heavy Cath-



Ukrainian model Mariann Lenchak displays costume of her land



PHOTOS BY ROBERT RAGSDALE, TORONTO

The Japanese have brought their skill in Judo and frequently stage exhibitions

olic concentrations—have gone directly to the suburbs. Many had substantial stakes to start them. Unlike earlier migrations, many newcomers today have a high degree of education. Many were in business and the professions and others were highly skilled in crafts and industry in their homelands.

Some immigrants who came with modest means and much competence have become wealthy in a decade, contributing in cash and ideas to their parishes and schools.

Some new groups, such as the Latvians and Lithuanians, have brought with them entire former government cabinets, complete with exiled prime ministers or presidents. Others, like Hungarians and Poles, have brought their scientists and professors. Some, like the Italians and the French, have brought their *chefs de cuisine*. Toronto, as a by-product of immigration, has become an exciting place for gourmets. Musicians and dancers have come, too, and the Czechs and Italians and Germans have brought opera singers, actors and acrobats, doctors, lawyers, journalists, and artists.

Through immigration, Toronto's mental horizons have been lifted. "Our people," says a Lithuanian priest, "have brought their pride—a pride of history and religion, art and language. Some say we newcomers do not mix enough. This may be so, but we tell the newcomers to keep their way of life as long as they can. For what they have brought to Canada is good."

The older residents of Toronto have perceived the truth of this statement. That is why Toronto's startling changes have been so peaceful.



Many Canadian housewives are interested in the Japanese way of arranging flowers

The Toronto cultural scene is brightened with music and dances of ethnic groups from many lands



WOMAN to WOMAN

by KATHERINE BURTON

Where Are the Women?

This month we shall begin with a candid admission: there are many more geniuses among men than among women in all the creative arts. Not too long ago, when women were still limited in careers and were asking for the vote, we could say, "Wait and see." The nation waited and it has seen. Women have edged up in many fields, but it is the simple truth, as in past ages, that men dominate the field of the arts.

With that premise off my mind, let me say that I was speaking only of dyed-in-the-wool geniuses—the Platos and Dantes, the Shakespeares and Beethovens. I want to speak now of people who have brains above the average, in which we find many women—Cather, Undset, Edith Sitwell, von le Fort. They are not geniuses, but they are tops in their class. Next come many other women who are intelligent, comprehending, well taught, and able of expression; from them one could easily pick women to take part—to mention a single instance—in an American Catholic convention or symposium. You don't have to be a genius or a near genius for this, nor should gender matter. But it does, and in this country, I think, especially among Intellectual Catholic males, you find a larger resistance to women for such conventions or symposia than anywhere else. Having that too off my chest, let me come down to specific instances.

My plaint is not so much that Catholics do not make use of the women among them. They really don't often know they are there, and to be forgotten is much worse than to be purposely ignored. There is among many of them an Old World concept, rather a Pauline attitude toward women, a thing I have no time to linger on here.

Women in Motion, Too

Recently I wrote a plaintive little note to the monthly news sheet of the Catholic Press Association, an organization to which I belong and of which I think highly. They had a column headed *Men in Motion*. My light note said that I had seen each month four or more women's names in this; did it seem right to call it *Men in Motion*? That was months ago. I received not even an answer to my note, and men are still in motion each month while four or more women are jostled by them.

More recently, the Thomas More Association had a symposium called "Report on American Culture," held at Rosary College. Each of the seven speakers was a man. The subjects were American art, music, radio, television, movies, theater. The outstanding figure in the group, though all were fine in their fields, was Father Weigel, who spoke on the moral climate of American culture. The rest were working people of the arts, but surely among these there is at least one woman whose name is worthy to appear in this not too Olympian group. These are not geniuses; they are, each in his field, writers and critics of the American Catholic scene.

"Women," said Secretary McElroy recently, "provide the largest underutilized backlog of brains in this country." The group which prepared this symposium went farther:

they nonutilized the brains of women. Yet we have plenty of eligibles—Helen White, Dorothy Dohen, Eileen Egan, Julie Kernan, Helen Homan, Maisie Ward, Phyllis McGinley, Jean Kerr, Dorothy Kilgallen, to name a few from a considerable number.

In these association symposia, you do find what I may call the "Token Nun." She is fairly recurrent. I note her in the program of the recent Catholic Press Association convention—one on the nominating committee and one actually a speaker, but on business only. I find also one laywoman on the nominating committee, one each on the resolutions committee, and one inspector of elections. There are two more on concurrent meetings, speakers this time, both ladies from Omaha, where the convention was held. One was on the newspaper editorial discussions, the other one magazine editorials. They represented the fascinating art of readership.

Decline of the American Male is the name of a recent book, and in a brochure from the South now appearing each month, the Jesuit university editor speaks highly of the book in these fine fighting words: "Men everywhere, read this and act! Stand up and be counted! Write, wire, telegraph. You have nothing to lose but your chains." The idea, here gaily, sometimes somberly expressed, is that women dominate males. Well, if we do, it is certainly not in the meetings mentioned above unless we do it by ESP.

A Dig at Women

Just one more instance. The members of another meeting in St. Louis—this one superintellectual indeed—did not want any publicity because "it would take very learned men straining to get every word to have an idea of what was being discussed . . . and then too, of what interest would it be to a woman living in Iowa?" This was a general insult, but there had to be a little special dig on women here. I wonder why.

There are three schools on the concept of woman and her mind—maybe four. One is the group that just takes women's brains for granted. One is a very small one, exemplified in students at a Catholic university who debated whether women had souls—all in good clean theological fun, of course. A larger group take it for granted women have none; if they do, they owe them to the masculine side of the house. It is of this group that Saint Teresa wrote, perhaps a bit wearily: "There are no words to say it here below for us women who know little; but learned men will make it better understood." Dear long-suffering genius among women, was she speaking from weariness or in irony?

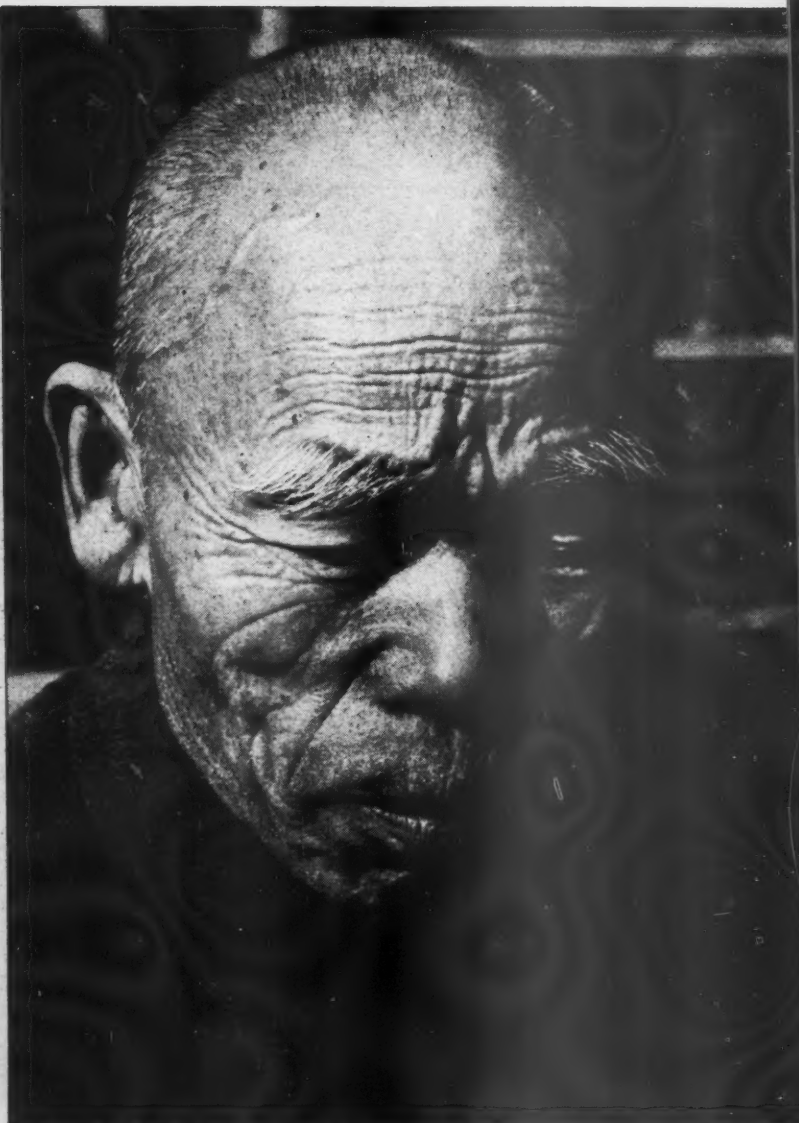
The last and perhaps largest class is that of the ignorers—the ones who don't know we are here and who, when they remember now and then, hastily produce the "Token Nun" as reassurance, or even a laywoman, aware that if we can't hit the mark in the arts we do qualify in readership.

Maybe Eleanor Dulles said it best of all, when asked if she found difficulties from men's opposition during her public life. "Well," she said considering, "it is fun to see how far you can get in spite of being a woman."

FACES OF THE EAST

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE SIGN

BY ED LETTAU



CARES OF AGE: A JAPANESE LABORER

*The only way to understand the East is to know
its people, who are individuals, not statistics*

As the pendulum of world power moves inexorably eastward, a salient fact stands out: the image of the Easterner in the Western mind is a dread blur of mystery. Notions of exotic adventure, spices, cymbals, gongs, beggars, coolies, and weird customs dominate our view, but tell us little of the Eastern man, woman, and child who make up the "teeming masses."

GLEE OF YOUTH: A SIAMESE GIRL

The quality which stands out in Eastern faces is struggle—a struggle against poverty, disease, hunger, and ignorance, a struggle to adapt the West's technology, and a struggle to develop a free, independent way of life



MOSLEM TEACHER IN A CATHOLIC SCHOOL IN KARACHI

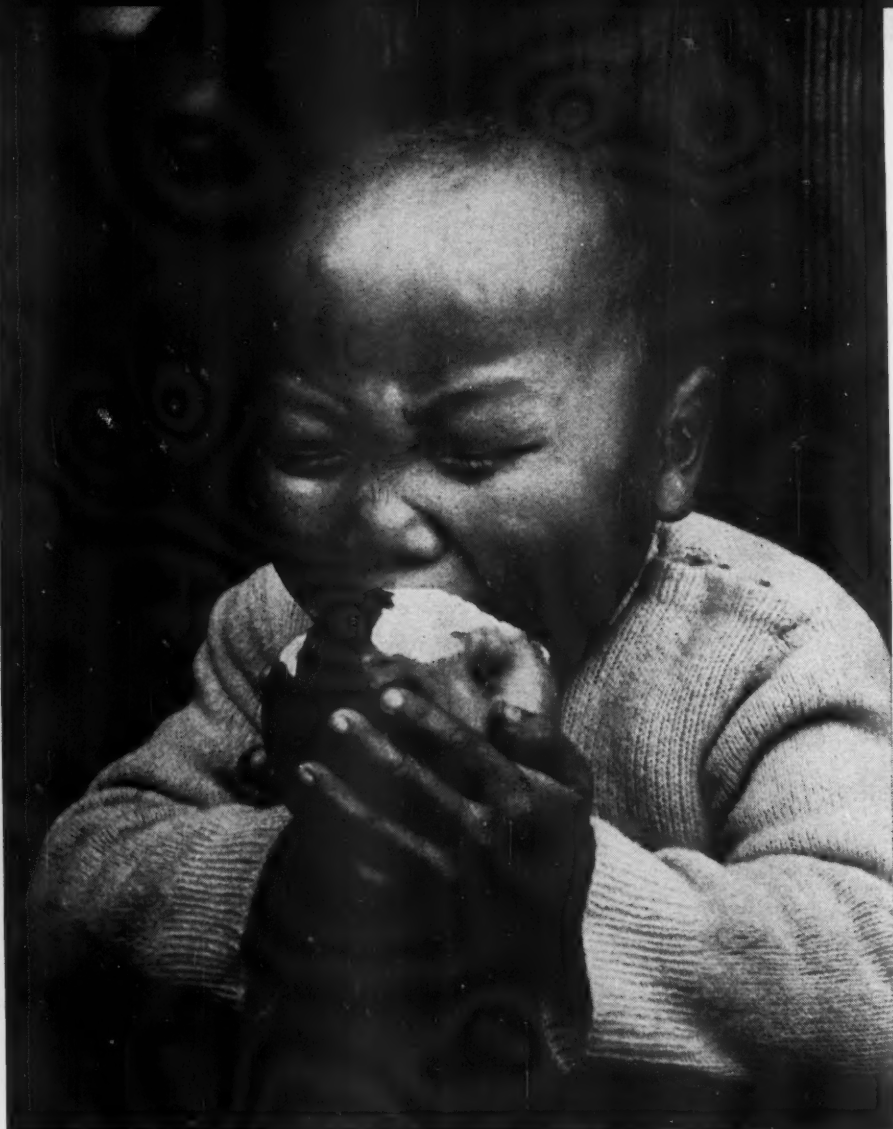


POVERTY-STRICKEN WOMAN IN TOKYO



A COLLEGE STUDENT IN PAKISTAN

ggle
st's
life



A JAPANESE CHILD WHO KNOWS LOVE, FOOD, AND WARMTH

As East-West intercourse grows, the multiplicity of languages, customs, and religions in Asia will become more apparent. The colors of Easterners' skin will deepen the complexion of the world community. A new literacy will carry their thought abroad. The West will be increasingly challenged to understand the East. Tragedy awaits the family of man if we maintain a bland assumption that differences spell inferiority.

A BLIND, JOBLESS MAN IN CAIRO





HINDU BOY SELLING SHELLS TO TOURISTS

AN INDIAN UNCERTAIN OF HIS COUNTRY'S DIRECTION



PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT IN EGYPT

It is a painful paradox that Christianity, which originated in Asia, is now regarded as foreign and extraneous. The reason: when Christianity returned to Asia from the West, it was identified with colonialism and Western culture. Today, Christianity must integrate into the national life of Asia or fall by the wayside. Of Asia's one and a half billion people, only 32 million are Catholics. The Easterners' lot is made immeasurably worse by the fact that most of them never hear the name of Christ. Christianity will stabilize Asia when the people of the East realize the Church belongs to them.

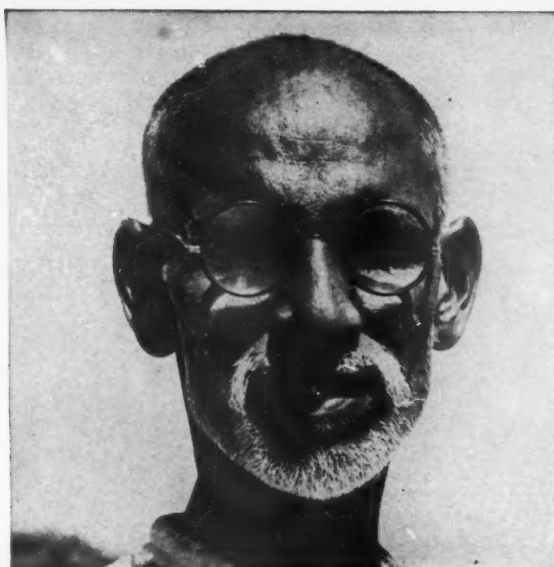
*If Christianity is to
succeed among the
Easterners, it must
shake off the stigma
of Western culture
and develop locally*



JAPANESE
BROTHER
AND SISTER
AT PLAY



MOTHER AND CHILD IN BANGKOK



PAKISTANI
CANDY
MERCHANT

August Budget

Income 12,560.00

500

Fixed obligations
Mortgage
Taxes

90.00

25.00

32.00

Installment debts
Insurance premiums
Church contributions

Emergency Reserve

Living expenses
Savings

BUDGETING WITHOUT TEARS

You don't have to be an accountant or penny-pincher to keep track of your money. Just remember these four steps

BY JAMES E. KENNEY

THE SMARTLY DRESSED woman marched up to the wooden railing around the loan department of the bank, her fashionable high heels tapping briskly on the marble floor. Bustling through the little gate, she headed for the desk of the loan officer.

"There!" said the woman, tossing a large notebook on the bank official's desk. "I took your advice. I put the family on a budget. It's all there in black-and-white. But my checking account is overdrawn again, and we still need to borrow more money. So what good is a budget?"

The loan officer flipped the pages of the notebook, glancing at the entries—"1 phone call, 10 cents; 1 pack of gum, 5 cents; car wash, \$1.50." Resignedly he motioned the woman to a chair and reached for a gaily colored booklet, *How to Manage the Family's Finances*.

The lady is typical of countless housewives who think that budgeting means keeping a record of every penny you spend; and that, by some strange magic, a budget will end all your money problems.

Probably the failure to understand what a budget is, or what it does, explains why so many families who have started budgets eventually give up in despair.

Like ancient Gaul, the 50 million families of America are divided into three parts: 1. The elite few who are managing nicely on a successful budget; 2. The ones who have tried to budget, off and on, but never stick to it; 3. The ones who have never even made the attempt.

A Gallup poll has indicated 70 per cent of American families fall into the last two groups. Experts in personal finance feel this proves that in the bulk of American homes, budget is a nasty word.

Interviews with families in financial trouble reveal that wives and husbands avoid budgeting for many reasons. For example, the belief that a budget calls for a degree of mortification only slightly less heroic than that of the Penitentes in Mexico. Or the reluctance to take on bothersome book-keeping chores. Or the notion that only poor families have to budget. Or the conviction that the way to keep your head above financial water is to make more money.

Actually, as family financial con-

sultants have repeatedly pointed out, if the members of a family on a budget feel discontented about money matters, this is a clear sign that they are not really on a budget at all.

No family on a budget has to pinch pennies or constantly endure irritating little privations. The whole idea of a budget is to avoid penny-pinching and make sure that money is available when needed.

To make this money available, no one in the family has to keep a set of books which would put a public accountant to shame. Writing down the cost of a postage stamp or match-folder or the nickel for a candy bar is not budgeting. Families on a suc-

cessful budget usually have only the simplest of records. The purpose of a budget is to tell your money where to go. Records merely serve to let you know if your money really went where it was supposed to.

EASY GUIDES FOR SPENDING

- ✓ The monthly payment on your house should not exceed a week's income.
- ✓ The purchase price of a home should not be more than two to two-and-a-half times your yearly income.
- ✓ Your installment debts should not total more than eight weeks' income.
- ✓ Monthly charge accounts should not go higher than two weeks' income.

cessful budget usually have only the simplest of records. The purpose of a budget is to tell your money where to go. Records merely serve to let you know if your money really went where it was supposed to.

Specialists in family finance hear another common objection to budgeting: "We budgeted 25 per cent of our income for food, as the books tell you. But we can never keep our grocery bills down to that figure. And yet we always have money left over in our budget envelope for household maintenance."

The mistaken belief here is that a budget is a system of percentages—25 per cent for food, 15 per cent for clothing, 5 per cent for recreation, and so on.

The percentages often given in books on personal finance are only recommended figures. They merely represent the general opinion of the experts as

to what a family should spend. Usually they are based on studies of so-called typical families in different income groups. Sometimes these percentages refer to an "ideal" budget or "minimum" budget. An ideal budget is simply somebody's educated guess as to the amount of spending which will satisfy certain standards of health, comfort, and security.

No family has to put itself in a straightjacket of percentages. How much you spend for food, what clothing you buy, your home repairs—all these are related to the special circumstances of your own family, such as the ages of the members, the kind of house you have, and your individual skills.

Many Americans also fall prey to the "bigger income" fallacy. "Aren't budgets really for the very poor?" they ask. "People who make a lot of money certainly don't have to budget."

This error is perhaps the more dangerous because it seems to make sense. Yet bankers, the Internal Revenue Service, and personal loan companies everywhere testify that even those with the highest incomes have their money troubles.

Recently a national magazine featured the true story of an advertising executive who couldn't live on \$25,000 a year. This man candidly admitted that he and his wife never kept a budget. Despite his high income the family had no savings, they consistently ran \$2,000 a year in debt and were forced to borrow money to send their sons to college.

Don't hope that a larger income will automatically eliminate all your financial worries. Added income may actually multiply your money problems. A bigger tax bite, overspending as you move to a higher plane of living, more appeals from fund-raisers—these are a few of the extra headaches that come with extra dollars.

Any family, regardless of income, can benefit from a budget, provided it chooses budgeting as a means to an end, not an end in itself.

The end is family happiness. Adopt a budget to help your family get the things it wants the most. Adopt a budget as the best way to reduce family quarrels over money. Adopt a budget because you want a fuller, richer, more satisfying family life. Adopt a budget because you want to trade haphazard, hit-and-miss spending for a systematic, sensible plan—a financial blueprint for your family's future.

A family budget is a family matter. It should always grow out of a family conference. Studies of budget failures
(Continued on page 68)

JAMES E. KENNEY, who holds a doctorate in economics (Syracuse University), is Chairman of the Department of Economics at Le Moyne College, Syracuse, N. Y.

**What makes horses run — fast,
that is? Prayer? Hardly. But there are
trying times when one wonders**



SUDDEN on some prayers

by **RED SMITH**

THERE IS A horse-playing, horse-owning dermatologist out in Illinois, name of Dr. M. Murray Nierman. Right away it will be seen that here is a man who can play the skin game both ways—afflictions of the human pelt provide him with his living; vicissitudes of the hides that he races at Sportsman's Park and Lincoln Fields, Cahokia Downs and Fairmount Park, keep him toiling away with his grindstone to the nose, so to speak, when he might otherwise retire on his fees and go fishing in Florida.

Though we have never met, we have had a desultory correspondence for some years. It began when Dr. Nier-

man wrote a long, tragi-comic letter about his misadventures with the first horse he ever owned, a star-crossed steed named Dermatologist that was heir to more ills than were dreamed of in Hippocrates' philosophy. The letter made a column and the column made for more letters, and so it has gone.

Lately, Dr. Nierman has set down certain observations on the power of prayer as culled from his experiences with an erratic thoroughbred named Gallant Runner.

He is not the first to delve into this subject. There are stock stories told around the cavalry posts regarding

pious horse players who sought divine intercession in their investments, and there is a great body of literature dealing with the superstitions of men who follow the beautiful bangtails. If Freud had set out to discover why mortals bet the way they do, he'd have got a lot further than he ever did worrying about why they dream as they do.

THERE was, for example, a learned man named White Hat McCarty, whose scholarship caused a small panic in the betting ring at Saratoga in the days before mutuel machines. Mr. McCarty went out one day to risk a modest \$1,000 or so on a creature named Hyperbole. He had spent several convivial hours with friends on the veranda of the old United States Hotel, so that by the time he got to the track his naturally ebullient spirits were higher than usual.

"What price Hyperbole?" he asked the first bookmaker he encountered in the clubhouse ring. The bookie was a small, round, bald man of no great learning. He didn't dig White Hat's meticulous enunciation.

"Who?" he said. "Ain't no such horse in this race."

"The top horse there on your slate," Mr. McCarty said. "You've got him down at 15 to 1. I'll take two hundred of that."

"Oh," said Shorty, "you mean Hyperbowl."

"Make it four hundred," White Hat snapped. "I'll teach you pronunciation."

Shorty took the bet, rubbed Hyperbole down to 12, and White Hat strode angrily through the ring to give a lesson to the ignorant. Bookies who pronounced Hyperbole correctly got no business from him. When he came upon one who mangled the name, he bet until the price went down. The indignant grammarian wound up investing seven or eight times the sum he had planned to bet.

Hoping to make maybe \$15,000 when he set out, White Hat watched Hyperbole romp home and realized he would collect something like \$120,000. He rushed back to Shorty's stand, plucked the little man up by the armpits, kissed his nude skull and carried him into the clubhouse.

"Wine!" he cried, setting Shorty up on the bar. "Wine for this ignorant, little slob!"

Well, that has nothing to do with Dr. Nierman except to make the point that man's faith is influenced by many

factors. With Gallant Runner. Dr. Nierman tried every charm, incantation, and spell that he knew. He made a point of wearing the same suit, shirt, necktie, and socks every time the animal ran, and the animal lost. He went to the paddock before the race; he did not go to the paddock before the race. He watched from his luckiest box in the clubhouse; he moved from his luckiest box. He ate peanuts for luck; he ate popcorn for luck; he tried hot dogs for luck—he had no luck.

The truth should have been clear—Gallant Runner couldn't run fast enough. But horse players believe there is a Truth that transcends truth. Dr. Nierman kept groping for it.

Among his regular patients is a group of nuns, teachers in the neighborhood parochial school. They like Dr. Nierman and he has a deep admiration for them. Because of his refusal to accept fees from them, they besieged him with one plea: couldn't they do something for him?

There came a Friday when several Sisters were in his office. All were responding excellently to treatment. They were so grateful. Was there nothing they could do to repay Dr. Nierman?

"Desperation and the devil," he says, "beset me."

Gallant Runner was going at Washington Park the next day and his mutuel would be a juicy one.

"Sisters," said Dr. Nierman, "could I ask a special favor? At 4 P.M. tomorrow, would you say a small prayer for me, and no questions asked?"

A small prayer? The Mother Superior made it compulsory for the whole community to be in the chapel at 4 o'clock, though she didn't realize that was post time. The prayers of thirty Sisters soared, and Gallant Runner galloped home at \$36 for \$2.

NEXT Friday Dr. Nierman's patients returned, eager with questions. Had the prayers been answered? What was the nature of the special intention? Mother Superior felt it was important to know.

Dr. Nierman hesitated, hedged, and equivocated. The prayers had indeed been answered, he said, but he begged the privilege of withholding details. The nuns had their orders, though, and reluctantly he broke down. He told the whole tale, not neglecting to mention the odds of 17 to 1. Then he fell silent, awaiting the wrath of Heaven.

First there was a shocked and

breathless quiet. Then there were giggles. Then gales. Maybe it had been wrong to bother Heaven with Gallant Runner's problem, but it had been "cute."

Forgiven so quickly, the doctor plunged on. Encouraged by last Saturday's success, he had ambitiously entered Gallant Runner in a race scheduled for the forthcoming Tuesday. There would be some stout opposition—Munchausen, a stakes winner at Churchill Downs and Washington Park; Rock Pilot, a star at Hazel Park in Michigan, and others of that class.

It so happened, Dr. Nierman explained, that his sister would be undergoing plastic surgery that same day. Could the Sisters say a word upstairs for her and maybe, just in passing, put in a bid for him? They could and they did.

Gallant Runner won by a nose at 10 to 1.

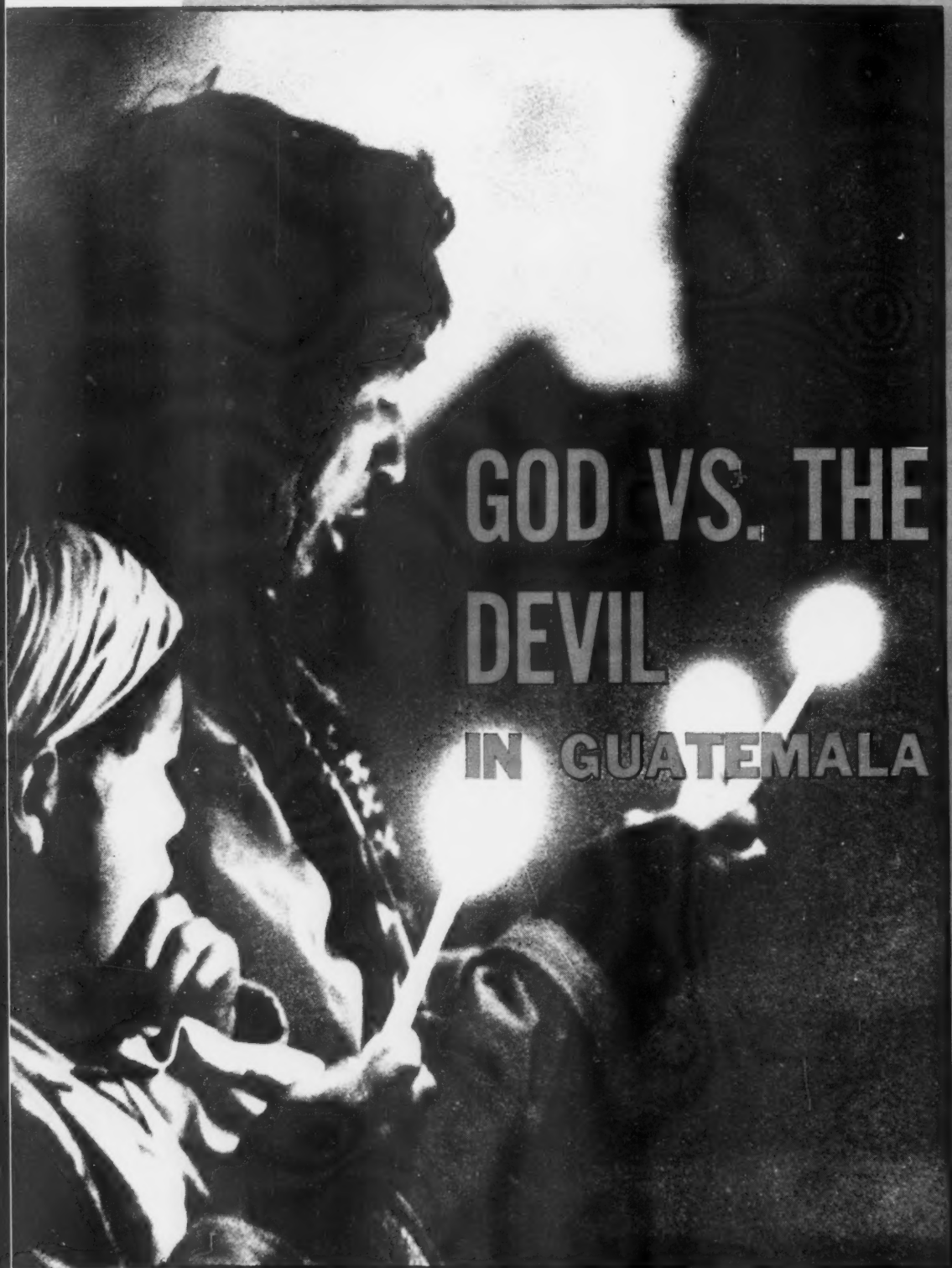
NOTHING could hold the doctor now, not with his connections. He put Gallant Runner in a handicap at Hawthorne Park with a field that wouldn't have been caught dead on the same track with his ungainly gelding. There was no Man o' War in the race, but there were useful campaigners like Dogoon, a swift and fairly consistent performer accustomed to earning upward of \$40,000 a year.

Once more he sought to enlist support, but this time a firm condition was made. Mother Superior had spoken to the monsignor. He had considered the problem and arrived at a compromise. Obviously, the doctor had earned the community's gratitude. For him the Sisters could pray their little old heads off, but not for the horse.

When Gallant Runner finished out of the money, Dr. Nierman tried to console himself. He knew perfectly well he had asked for a miracle when all he had a right to seek was a bit of luck. He said as much, humbly, on the Sisters' next visit. All but one of them commiserated with him gently.

That one, the youngest and prettiest, spoke up firmly. She said that although Dr. Nierman might not realize it, none of them had been born wearing a habit. They had all been young ladies before they were nuns, and in her pre-convent days she'd been an amateur of the running horse. Those cabalistic symbols in the Racing Form were no mystery.

"And what did you expect, Doctor?" she demanded. "God knows you had the horse in over his head."



GOD VS. THE DEVIL IN GUATEMALA

Lighted candles are a crutch for Guatemala Indians' religious devotion, whether Christian or pagan. Father and son in church talk to candles as to God

A SIGN PICTURE STORY: PHOTOS BY BERNHEIM

Superstitious Indians are bedevilled by witch doctors whose only fear is the priest

In few areas of the world do Christianity and paganism clash head-on with such impact as in Chichicastenango, a village in the highlands of Guatemala. The Indian population is torn between the magnetism of witch doctors' evil practices and the entreaties of priests to live virtuously. Ignorance is the Indians' handicap, poverty their existence, liquor their relief. Guatemala, bordering on Mexico in politically turbulent Central America, is predominantly Indian and 92 per cent Catholic. For 400 years the Church has struggled to make an imprint on the lives of the people. The dearth of priests is a leading obstacle: in the Chichicastenango region only nine Spanish priests minister to 200,000 Indians. The Church in Latin America fights great odds.

Brazen witch doctors perform flaming rites by night on church steps

Women patiently wait for their husbands, sickeningly drunk, to leave tavern at end of market day





Pagans join Catholics in bringing candles to church to be blessed; Father Casas prohibits only witchcraft symbols

Men on one side, women on the other, Indians go to confession. Lay catechists persuade others to abandon witchcraft



The priest gradually uplifts his people

Four years ago, Father José Maria Casas, a young Spaniard who had studied medicine, arrived in Chichicastenango and set up a medical clinic. Not only are the Indians greatly in need of proper medical aid, but this is one way of removing them from the influence of witch doctors, who trade on the Indians' fear of legitimate doctors.

The gentle Father Casas has endeared himself to the people, who ignore his admonitions not to kneel before him in the streets. Far from patiently awaiting his next posting, the priest wants to "die among the Indians." He is learning the Quiché dialect of the Mayan Indian tongue, struggling to improve labor and social conditions, and journeys often to remote mountain villages to administer the Sacraments. He and fellow Missionaries of the Sacred Heart have developed a lay catechist movement; progress is constantly hampered by witch doctors.



A family has traveled a long distance for the baptism of a child; though most Indians are baptized few practice their faith



Father Casas examines an ear, damaged by firecrackers; surgical cases are sent to city

A witch doctor defiantly casts his spell



Witch doctor gesticulates to stone idol as Indians stand transfixed at his power to reach the gods

In the Chichicastenango region live 300 witch doctors, who conduct ceremonies of weird incantations, incense, and candles offered to the Mayan idol. It is not such hard work for the witch doctors since, in addition to \$1.50, they receive two bottles of liquor, one to sprinkle the flames with, the other to drink so that they may be transported to the spirits of the Indians' ancestors, who in turn implore the pagan gods' endearments.

Even amid such paganism, the power of the Church is striking, for the ceremonies often start in the mountains, wind down through the village, and finish on the church steps. Without any mental conflict the Indians then step into the church for the blessing of the priest, who permits such dichotomy in order to wean the Indians from evil.

A witch doctor named Ren, who profits from Indians' weakness, hates priests for hurting his "business"



To celebrate the feast of St. Thomas, village patron, Indians hold week-long carnival, ending in debauchery



*Sitting on church
steps, Indians' life
has changed little
since church was
built 400 years ago*

*Indians are content
to live in huts,
but entomb
their dead in
cement mansions*



Witchcraft has robbed the Indians of their human dignity and ambition

The Indians of Chichicastenango earn about 50 cents a day, hardly enough to provide food and shelter let alone the enormous amounts spent on liquor and firecrackers at festival time (which goes on for seven days). Sunday church collection nets \$5, which means that the priests must rely on private American contributions to support their work. Even with this, the Catholic school is in danger of closing. The social and educational conditions of Chichicastenango, like so much of Latin America, are ripe for Communism. Political instability has long characterized Guatemala. Missionary help will be needed for a long time.

The Making of a Man

by **KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.**



THE DISCUSSION these past few years on the role of the father in the family has been an attempt to restore the father to his rightful place as the head of the house. He is in need of restoration either because he has been dethroned or because he has abdicated. A goodly part of the discussion has been taken up with the rights which the wife usurped in dethroning the husband. A generous amount of blame for the disturbance of family life has fallen upon the unsuspecting heads of wives and mothers. In some quarters it almost appeared as though mothers were tolerated only because they were somewhat difficult to do without.

But the apportionment of blame is, in actuality, not so one-sided. The man too must bear his share. He has abdicated his rightful place because he was not fully a man.

There is a myth, not entirely unrelated to the biblical account of Adam and Eve, that originally man and woman were one, that they were cut in half. From that moment on the male has been seeking the lost female part of himself in order to unite again with her. The male has certain qualities which seek their complement in her feminine character. When these two different characters meet, when the male finds the lost female part of himself, then he is fulfilled, self-realized, and he is happy.

What is important here is that the masculine and feminine characters are different, form two different magnetic poles. It is the joining of two who are equal as persons, but different in their psychological make-up, that results in the oneness which gives joy and happiness. If the two become the same, if they lose their polarity, if the man loses his masculine character or the woman her feminine character, then the joining of the two halves will leave both man and woman unfulfilled, unrealized, frustrated, and unhappy.

One of the qualities that belong to the masculine character is aggressive-

ness. It is the complaint of a number of women that their husbands do not possess the quality of aggressiveness. Insofar as this is true, these men are inadequate men. And because they are inadequate men they are inadequate husbands and fathers.

This quality is somewhat difficult to define. We talk about Russia being the "aggressor nation" and we rightly think that this is bad. But when we say that a man has aggressive masculine qualities we mean something good. In the case of masculine aggressiveness there are not the elements of threat and hostility. The aggressive male is one who goes out of himself to explore and conquer and create.

Basically, aggressiveness is a creative urge. A man makes the world and people his, by exploring and conquering. This is a reflection of man's likeness to God. As God is a Creator, so man, God's image, is a creator. The woman too has an urge to participate in creation. She does this especially by creating a new body out of her own body, nourishing it within for nine months, and when she has brought it forth, feeding it with her own milk. In the creation of new life the man's role is for the most part quite transitory. His urge to fulfill his image as a creator, to participate in creation, must find its realization to some extent in his sons and daughters, but more especially in exploring the world and people and making them his own.

In a culture which places high value on the boxer and the quarterback, the great masculine types are the athletes who go ten rounds with the champion or run forty yards for a touchdown. While this is part of aggressiveness, it would be unfortunate to identify muscularity with aggressiveness, and even more unfortunate to identify muscularity with masculinity.

In a man, aggressiveness is bound up with a capacity for loving. There is the brawny man who is lacking in drive, who has no desire to explore and

give himself in some kind of creative activity. He is satisfied within the world of his own self and is incapable of giving himself in exploring and creating the world and people. The desire to take part in creation is dead. Because he cannot give himself, he cannot love; he can only be loved. And this is to remain a little boy.

Some men in their concern to be the aggressive, independent male put aside all manifestations of tenderness and consideration. Such a man thinks it a mark against his virility to show affection and tenderness toward his wife and children. The virile man will not be tender in the same way that a woman will be tender, but if he is a real man he is capable of tenderness. He does not think that because expressions of affection mean little to him, they mean little to his wife. Within the bounds of propriety he is not ashamed to show publicly that he is a man who loves his wife. He is tender with the children. He holds his little son, listens to him, soothes his hurt, reads to him, loves him. There may be a little more of the masculine roughness in this tenderness, but it is tenderness nonetheless.

Without tenderness, aggressiveness could degenerate into a boorish muscularity, a compulsive masculinity. Rather than being in opposition to aggressiveness, masculine tenderness is an expression of aggressiveness. Through his tenderness the man sustains the personality and security of his wife and creates them in his children. Tenderness is a creative activity.

The aggressive male is not the product of physical culture but of a long maturing process. Together with the other masculine characteristics it insures that polarity which seeks its complement in the woman, his other half. It enables man to be a lover, a provider, a protector, a leader in the home and outside of it. Only when the male has a mature masculine personality will he truly be a man. Only a real man can be a successful husband and father.



This picture, done by Jules Meunier in 1845, is one of the best portraits of the Curé of Ars

On a summer morning in 1814, the presbytery of the church at Ecully in southern France was host to Monsieur Courbon, First Grand Vicar and acting-administrator of the archiepiscopal diocese of Lyons.

The Grand Vicar had come on a delicate errand. In his hands lay the fate of a young man of the parish, a twenty-eight-year-old peasant from the neighboring village of Dardilly.

The young farmer wished to become a priest. Unfortunately he seemed unable to master even the rudiments of the necessary knowledge. Twice he had come up for his final examination. Twice he had failed. After nine years of study, he was still having trouble with theology and philosophy.

As for his Latin—much as the Abbé Charles Balley, the curé (pastor) of Ecully, loved the young man, he had to admit that he knew little more Latin than the average altar boy. Earnestly, Father Balley said what he could in his protégé's behalf. He pointed out that, in the wake of the revolution of 1789, France was desperately short of priests and that the young man was exceptionally pious.

To all that Father Balley had to say, the Grand Vicar bent an attentive ear. Then he asked three questions:

Did the young farmer truly have the Faith?

Did he love the Blessed Mother of God?

Did he know his Rosary?

"Yes—yes—yes," were the answers.

"Very well then," said the Grand

Vicar, "I call him to the priesthood. Obviously he is a model of piety." To which he added with a wry smile, "The grace of God will do the rest."

Thus began the priestly life of Jean-Marie-Baptiste Vianney. Not an impressive beginning when you consider that a few years hence this slow-minded farmer from Dardilly would be recognized by thousands of his countrymen as one of the Church's greatest confessors and a living saint. Long before his canonization in 1925, he would be named by the Holy See as patron of all parish priests. Today he is widely and lovingly revered as the Curé of Ars.

To say that St. Jean-Marie Vianney had a rough time of it in this rough world is merely to outline his life. It was a life of handicaps overcome, of disappointments and insults cheerfully endured.

"When I grow up," he told his mother at an early age, "I would like to save many souls."

Such, apparently, was his goal from then on, and he pursued it with unique determination.

In his native France, statues of him are common, especially in the rural parishes. This does not seem to be true in our own churches. Personally, I can recall only one. Standing on the gospel side of the main altar of St. Agnes' in New York, it shows the curé in the three-cornered hat which he never wore but always carried under his arm. The man himself is spare and angular. The face is squarish, with

prominent cheekbones and the deep-set eyes which we know were a washed-out blue. What appeals, what clings to the memory, is the smile, shy and whimsical and crooked, on his closed lips.

Looking at the likeness of the man, we can easily imagine the boy, also spare and angular, clodhopping about his parents' farm on his oddly turned-out feet, working in the fields and vineyards which generations of his ancestors had cultivated before him. Here he was born on May 8, 1786, in the tiny community of Dardilly, eight miles from Lyons in the Province of the Rhone. He was the second son and third child of the six born to Matthieu and Marie Beluse Vianney.

Thanks to his original biographers, people who lived and worked with him, we know something of the influences which helped to mold his character. That one of them was his mother is suggested by a childhood incident.

As a small boy, his most valued possession was a wooden rosary. Then a sister, born shortly after himself, came to talking age and with almost her first full sentence demanded the rosary.

"Give it to her," said Madame Vianney and, with sobs of protest, the boy parted with his prize.

Afterward his mother explained. "It is never too early, Little One," she said, "to learn self-denial."

Another undoubted influence was the revolution of 1789 and the subsequent Terror. One of the decrees of the ex-

OF THE CURÉ OF ARS

St. John-Baptist Vianney died a hundred years ago this year.

Today he is still loved and revered by many as "the Curé of Ars."

His poor and simple life was completely given to God

tremist leaders of the First French Republic required priests to take an oath recognizing state control of the Church.

Most of them refused, becoming outlaws as a result. Hundreds were hounded into exile or imprisoned or guillotined. Those who escaped detection were compelled to wander the rural lanes, disguised as cooks and carpenters, taking shelter where they could find it.

The Vianney home was always open to them, and since military searching parties came often to the village, it was sometimes Jean-Marie's lot, when a priest was in the house, to spend the night on guard on a lonely hill overlooking the highway. Or if the soldiers did come, he would guide the priest across the fields into the woods, there to spend the night with him in a hole dug for such purposes under a board camouflaged with underbrush.

It was not only priests whom the revolution spilled like rolling stones onto the highways. For years there were refugees, people plundered or burned out of their homes by rioting bands of citizen-soldiers. These outcasts too were made welcome at the Vianneys', frequently at the rate of twenty or thirty of a night.

Such were the scenes of Jean-Marie's boyhood, until, with the rise of Napoleon, religion and some degree of order were restored to France. There were lessons for the boy in these events. He acquired the habit of sharing, of giving, of concerning himself with the sufferings of others. Attending Mass

in remote barns, the farmers' hay-wagons drawn up around them to muffle the sound of the prayers—hiding in the woods with priests who daily risked their lives to preserve the Faith—Jean Marie early acquired the habit of thinking of his religion in terms of heroic sacrifice.

When he was sixteen, he confided to his mother his longing to become a priest. Rough-featured and gentle-hearted Madame Vianney was pleased, but her stocky husband was not. Monsieur Vianney was getting old and rheumatic. He dreaded the day when Jean-Marie's elder brother would be conscripted for the Napoleonic armies. The thought of losing a good worker like Jean-Marie sent him into a whirlwind of dissent.

Madame let him have all the words—except the last one. "Which is it to be then, my good man?" she demanded when his anger had spent itself. "Your will—or God's?"

What could poor M. Vianney do? But Madame's course was not run. There was the problem of finding a school that would take Jean-Marie.

It so happened that in the nearby market town of Ecully the new pastor, Father Balley, was conducting a small school of ecclesiastical studies. To this frail and saintly priest, old before his time by reason of his sufferings during the Terror, Madame Vianney hied herself. Would he take on Jean-Marie as a student? Father Balley would not. Madame Vianney pleaded

at the top of her voice, but to deaf ears.

But Jean-Marie's mother was as dogged as her son. She rounded up all her relatives and in-laws and sent them around to bombard the Curé of Ecully with further pleas. In time he broke down and consented to have a talk with the young man.

When Jean-Marie presented himself at the presbytery in Ecully, Father Balley had no intention of taking him into his school.

Father Balley asked a number of questions and Jean-Marie answered to the best of his ability. As he talked, the priest found himself studying the youth's face, wondering, trying to bring to mind an almost, but not-quite, remembered incident.

Suddenly, "Tell me, Jean-Marie," he said, "have we met before?"

"Yes, Father, but I was only a boy and, of course, I've changed."

As Jean-Marie related the occasion of their previous meeting, Father Balley's face brightened. He remembered now. He had been one of the outlaw priests who had wandered the region during the Terror. One night he had taken refuge with the Vianneys. The soldiers had come and it was Jean-

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Marie, then in his seventh year, who had led him to the woods and safety.

"Ah yes," he said. "You saved my life that night. I can never thank you enough."

Next day Jean-Marie was enrolled in Father Balley's school. He was eighteen, older by several years than any other member of the class, taller by a head than the tallest, and by an even wider margin the poorest student.

There were times when all concerned despaired. Once Jean-Marie walked sixty miles up a mountain, begging his way, to pray for help at the tomb of St. François Regis, martyr of duty noted for the diversity of his miracles. Once Jean-Marie gave up. "I will go into an order," he announced. "You will do no such thing," said Father Balley. "I feel it in my bones that you were destined to serve God at His altar."

On June 23, 1815, he was ordained. For three happy years he worked at Ecully as Father Balley's assistant. Jean-Marie loved the now-aging pastor and emulated him. Father Balley wore a hairshirt, so Jean-Marie wore one. Secretly Father Balley practiced even more severe mortifications, and Jean-Marie did likewise. Even so, the day came when the assistant decided that the pastor was going too far and reported him to M. Courbon, the Grand Vicar in Lyons. When later he learned that at the same time Father Balley had reported *him*, the two of them had a laugh together.

When Father Balley died in 1817, he left Jean-Marie his worldly goods—a few books, his instruments of mortification, and a cracked mirror. Throughout his life Jean-Marie made use of the books and the instruments. As for the mirror, he kept it always at hand. He told Madame Bibost that he would have preferred a picture of Father Balley. Lacking that, he made do with the little mirror that had so often reflected the face of his beloved benefactor.

He was popular in Ecully, and after Father Balley's death the people begged M. Courbon to let him stay on as curé. But the Grand Vicar had other plans. Some biographers feel that in sending Jean-Marie to the desolate little village of Ars on the Fontblin River, M. Courbon was exiling him to an ecclesiastical Siberia. Whatever the Grand Vicar's motives, he could hardly have chosen a fitter stage for the forty-one-year drama that was to be the rest of Jean-Marie's life.

At the time of his arrival on a foggy February night in 1818, Ars consisted of two rows of thatch-roofed houses,

windowless and frowning in front, along a single, rutted lane. At one end was a public square. Beyond stood the presbytery and the church. The presbytery was a stone building of five rooms. The church was seven hundred years old. Even in its better days, it could not have looked like much. The ancient records describe it as a narrow, oblong structure with yellowish walls and "vulgar windows."

The Grand Vicar warned Jean-Marie that he would find "little love of God" in Ars, and Jean-Marie soon found that "little" overstated the little there was. Since the outbreak of the revolution, the church had functioned as such for only twenty-one days. During the intervening decades, the inevitable had happened. The children ran wild, innocent of religious instruction and, for the most part, of parental discipline. Seven nights a week the townspeople gathered in four dreary cabarets, where they fought the battle of rural boredom with liquor and dancing. There was no sabbath in the local calendar. Sunday was a work day like any other.

The curé found four religious families in the adjoining countryside and a good friend to the Church in the Mademoiselle of Ars, elderly mistress of the gloomy chateau across the river. But among the sixty families of Ars itself, he found only a good-natured indifferentism, shading in some quarters into defiant paganism.

Such was Ars in 1818. Ten years later, it was already famous as the most Christian village in all Europe.

Looking about him at the moral wreckage, the curé decided that only through heroic penance could his people be saved. Obviously, they were not ready to do this for themselves. He proceeded to do it for them.

Madame Bibost accompanied him to Ars and remained a week or so in an effort to make him comfortable. The Mademoiselle of Ars had filled the presbytery with sturdy furniture. He sent most of it back. Madame Bibost put a mattress on his bed. He gave it away and slept thereafter on the bed boards or on the floor. Day in and day out, he wore the same increasingly thinner and increasingly patched soutane, and that it lasted so many years is a miracle, for after he became famous people were forever snipping away portions of it as relics.

He redoubled the mortifications he had practiced under Father Balley. He lived on boiled potatoes. Since it was his practice to cook up a week's supply in advance, the potatoes were always cold and often moldy. When he had people in to dinner—and the curé was

a sociable man, much given to entertaining—he made a pretense of eating out of courtesy but actually consumed next to nothing. He allowed himself two, or at the most three, hours of sleep a night, and, as we shall see, this was often so disturbed as to amount to no rest at all.

Extreme measures? Perhaps—but effective. Every move the curé made, every breath he took, was speedily noised over the Ars grapevine. Soon even the most irreligious citizens were shaking their heads and saying, "An odd one, our little curé, but you must admit, he practices what he preaches." Soon, such is the force of example, they too were practicing on a smaller scale.

At first he wrote elaborate sermons, memorized them, got up in his pulpit—and completely forgot them. After a while he spared himself this ordeal by speaking extemporaneously.

What did he say? Only what he had been saying all his life. As a boy, tending his father's sheep at Dardilly, he had often "played church," a game fairly common among the lads of his time and place. Gathering his playmates about him, he would deliver a sermon. He would tell them to be kind to one another. He would tell them that getting to heaven wasn't difficult. All you had to do was live each day in a way that was pleasing to God. He would describe heaven. Just think, he would say, there you will see God face to face! Who could ask for more? Who could settle for less?

As a priest, speaking in his impassioned and often tearful way at Ars, he rang the changes on the same themes.

Simple? Yes; but again—effective. In the beginning, his Mass, weekday or Sunday, drew a few old women, some more curious than pious. Before his first year was up, he was speaking to a crowded church.

One of his first decisions was not to waste time on the older people. They would be tough nuts to crack, if not already beyond redemption. He concentrated on the children. Now with sugar, now with vinegar, he persuaded the parents to send him their little ones for daily instruction. Most of the youngsters had to be taught to read before they could be taught their catechism. In this development, Jean-Marie's own difficulties proved an asset. A slow learner himself, he was the soul of patience and gentleness as a teacher.

He beautified and enlarged the church. He had two motives in this. One was his belief that nothing was too good for the House of God. The other was his desire to woo people away

from the local cabarets. In this effort, too, his methods were effective. By the end of his first decade there were no cabarets in Ars. As for work in the fields on Sundays—that was being done only when weather conditions made it imperative and then only with the curé's consent.

Demanding of himself, he was equally so of his flock. There was in the curé a strain of prudery or, if you prefer, Jansenism. Dancing, for example. While he modified his rigorism decidedly in later years, he could never bring himself to look on a dancing as a natural act open to abuse like any other. He regarded it as a sin and refused absolution to anyone who mentioned it in the confessional. When he added to his church a chapel to St. John the Baptist, he had painted over the entrance arch the following words in big red letters:

"He lost his head in a dance!"

This delightful piece of humor was

inadvertent. But often the Curé was intentionally funny.

His bishop made him a canon, a great honor. Years later when a friend told him he should be proud because he was the only canon the bishop had made to date, the curé grinned. "Of course," he said. "He brought down such a poor bird with that first shot, he hasn't had the heart to fire again!"

For a year or so after his ordination, Jean-Marie, because of his weakness in religious theory, was forbidden to hear confessions. In retrospect some irony attaches to this fact, because, of course, it was as a confessor that he won the fame that later prompted one of the Popes to speak of him as "the religious glory of France" and that, during the last three decades of his life, brought pilgrims to Ars at the rate of a hundred thousand a year. To his confessional came people of all beliefs and levels: atheists and devout Catholics, criminals and bishops. It has been

conservatively estimated that he heard the confessions of at least a million persons.

To this phase of his work the curé brought a facility that was all the more remarkable because he himself never saw anything remarkable in it. He could read minds and hearts. There was little point in making a bad confession. Where the penitent left off, the curé frequently took up. "Shall you tell me your sins," he would say, "or shall I?"

An old lady from some far part of France presented a lengthy inventory of mild misdeeds. When she had finished there was a silence. Then: "Why is it, Madame," asked the curé, "that you say nothing of the cow you sold for a good price when you knew very well that it would die within the week?"

And there was the Catholic man-turned-freethinker who came to Ars, not to confess but out of curiosity. Sauntering into the church, he encountered the curé. The following exchange took place:

Curé: "How long, sir, since you last confessed?"

Man: "Thirty years."

Curé: "Oh come now, longer than that."

Man: "Thirty-two perhaps."

Curé: "No. You made your last confession at Amiens thirty-three years ago."

Man: "Now how could you know that?"

The curé's answer was to enter his confessional. The man followed. When he came out, Mother Church had regained a son.

There were miracles. Among the institutions established by the curé was an orphanage and school for girls. One summer, during a famine, he was informed that the orphanage granary was nearly empty. He placed a statue of St. François Regis among the few remaining handfuls of grain and prayed. That night the granary was full.

Other miracles followed, including cures of serious illness. The curé was greatly embarrassed. He prayed that, if such things must happen, they be permitted to happen in somebody else's parish. He went to his grave convinced that he himself had nothing to do with these events. He credited most of them to St. Philomena, the little-known girl-martyr of early Christian days whom he loved and to whom he erected a chapel.

His daily routine, seldom broken, was incredibly severe. He retired at nine in the evening. Arising at mid-

(Continued on page 70)

*Looking through the window into the Curé's kitchen
one sees vividly the poor and simple way he lived*



THE DOOR

by Dorothy M. Rose

Mr. Simms despaired of communicating, in any real sense, with the other two generations in the house. And this frustration had led to the myth of his deafness, although he heard well.

"The butter, Pop . . . please," his daughter Elinor said at the dinner table Saturday night.

The words stood out from her running discussion with her own daughter about the bridesmaids' caps, and Pop heard them but didn't interpret them. He was preoccupied, devising yet another SOS. Elinor was a good daughter, oversolicitous of his physical wants. It was only and always the big needs she couldn't recognize. Especially the one.

"The butter, Pop . . ." Elinor said again, her voice rising with the slight insistence of a thing repeated.

"I hear you," Pop acknowledged belatedly, and manipulated the plate gingerly. Old servants his fingers had become, swollen at the joints, untrustworthy.

Elinor smiled but her eyes commented indulgently to her husband and to Rosemary. *Poor dear. Of course, he's deaf.* Eye reading, Pop had found, was more reliable than listening. People said so little with words, even less when speaking to the old. His son-in-law had just winked at him. *Don't notice, Joe's wink said clearly, she's upset; she can't bear the thought of losing Rosemary.*

Pop knew. A striking woman still, he thought, studying his daughter across the table. Looked like Martha had at that age. Or Elinor would, if she didn't deny the years. The determined blondeness of her hair argued a little more each week with the beginning lines in her forehead. But sometimes . . . over morning coffee, when Elinor's face wore the unprotected look peculiar to a person without her glasses, before she slipped on the tinted, rhinestoned spectacles, and her restless energy regenerated itself . . . Pop glimpsed Martha in her.

He noted tardily that his granddaughter and Joe had left the table and that Elinor, who religiously abstained from dessert, was waiting for him to finish.

This moment wouldn't come again in the busy week before Rosemary's wedding. Pop reached out for it.

"About my bedroom door," he began the SOS.

"What about your door, Pop?"

He wet his lips. "You know," he said uncomfortably. "I don't want it open all the time. I'm not sick . . ."

"Not now, dear," she said quickly. "But you were."

Her fingers picked nervously at the flowers in the centerpiece, snipping off bits of the dead stems, and Pop, watching the stems grow shorter, wanted desperately for her to listen.

"Makes me feel like a baby," he said, trying not to make it crotchety. It was embarrassing to talk about, but he must.

"You don't know how sick you were," Elinor was saying. "You really were stubborn, staying on in the house. Hired people don't care. Mrs. Ferguson left you alone whenever she wanted."

"People put kids in playpens," Pop kept on doggedly, "watch them all the time. Makes me feel like that."

Elinor cut in. "I just want to know you're all right. With the door shut, I get fidgety and nervous."

Why are you afraid, Ellie? Pop wanted to ask. It was better to face things. But knowing she wouldn't be pinned down, he reverted to the practical. "Waste of oil. Cold air blowing through the house all night."

"Pop," Elinor laughed. "Winter's past. It's spring. What if we did burn a little extra oil those few months? I've got you here now. I mean to take care."

"Lord, nobody could do better," Pop agreed.

"Well, then?" she smiled brightly, closing the subject. "Having your door open is such a little thing."

It wasn't little to Pop. Defeat seeped through his veins, like fatigue after a long illness. He didn't want to go ahead and shut the door against her wishes—it was Elinor's house—but for a moment he allowed himself the dignity of imagining it.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

PEOPLE PUT KIDS IN PLAYPEN

WATCH THEM ALL THE TIME

MAKES ME FEEL LIKE THAT.

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HIDDEN

"Is the florist open Sunday?" Elinor ran on. "I could check the order tomorrow. Lulu and I have to turn out the house all week. She skips corners if I don't work with her. Joe's sisters will sleep over Saturday. I'm glad the reception's at home. Honestly, that skimpy fare down at the Mansion House . . ."

Pop's mind followed the crossroad. Rosemary hadn't wanted any reception. But Elinor had dismissed that. Careful planning, a timetable, stick to it! she'd said. That, of course, had been after Elinor had surrendered in her long campaign against the wedding at all, her objections that Rosemary was a child, far too young. Remembering, Pop smiled wryly. Twenty-two wasn't that young.

"Finished, Pop?" Elinor asked him now. "Lulu likes to get through early Saturday nights."

Pop got up, waiting for his knees to couple his legs with the rest of him, then shuffled into the living room. He stood at the piano, acutely conscious, as always when confronted by the instrument, of his age—that he was shorter than he'd once been and that the music, because of his swollen fingers, was now corked inside him.

Eugene Simms, he thought. Ex-craftsman. That's what he'd been. You couldn't be more while you were making a living at it. Strange, now that he couldn't play, the music was more insistent, humming and swelling inside him all the time, as though on a larger keyboard.

He climbed the stairs early, concentrating. Schubert's *Unfinished*, maybe, in his head, tonight. He loved that. A lot of what he'd had to play all his life back at the old Globe, the vaudeville, come-in-on-cue stuff, the musical comedies, had been froth with no substance.

But with his bedroom door open, sounds from downstairs got in the way, like late arrivals at the theater. People had come to play cards.

"This time next week, she'll be gone!" someone cried.

Elinor's voice belittled that as premature. "It's still this time this week. And mountains to move!"

"It'll be hard on you," the woman mused. "You've been so close, you and Rosemary, almost like sisters."

"She'll live right here in town!" Elinor protested sharply. "I'll see her every day. You don't lose a daughter, ever. A son, maybe. Not a daughter."

"It's never quite the same, though," the woman said.

Pop nodded. What a jolt Elinor's wedding had given him and Martha. Time was an enemy then, there in the

middle of life, when you first became aware of it.

Rosemary flew past Pop's door, hesitated, and came back. "You all right, Pops?"

It had been her name for him when she'd been a tot. He smiled from his chair. "Stepping out?"

She pirouetted in answer, showing off. The young were all *allegro vivace*, Pop thought, all clear, definite notes . . . Rosemary's black hair, the baubles at her throat.

She cocked her head and grimaced at the voices from downstairs. "Only child of an only child, it's murder! Why can't mother let go? All Dick and I wanted was to get married. The rectory would have done . . ."

Pop said mildly, "You couldn't do that."

Rosemary shrugged, then came suddenly and knelt, touching Pop's hand at the knuckles. "I wish you could play at my wedding."

He stopped rocking. His mind clicked on the image of her there. It was a picture, he realized, that he'd keep. That was one of the things that had occupied him recently . . . the pictures you saved of certain places and people, as though you were allowed only so many. You couldn't foresee which pictures memory would endorse. But he knew about this one.

Good-by, my dear, he thought. She'd be a married woman next Saturday. Patterns changed; things were never the same. It was as good a moment as any for farewell. He still longed to write a little melody for Rosemary, a remembrance of himself, besides his check. If he could just close the door some day and be really alone.

"Miss Smithers set to play the organ?" he asked.

Rosemary made a face. "*Hearts and Flowers*."

On impulse he said, "I'll be playing. In my head . . ."

She got up then. He shouldn't have been so frankly sentimental. The ball of their talk always had to be juggled carefully: if one of them missed, threw too hard, without skill, the game was called.

After she'd left, Pop wondered why it was that way, even with those you loved. He wanted to think about it. This week in particular he wished he could have privacy to riddle out lots of things. He had a feeling of preparation, of getting ready. Maybe it was the wedding. He needed to sort through his memories, stuff standing idle in the attic of his mind for years, waiting for him to sift, polish what he wanted to keep, weed out what had proved useless; a long spring cleaning.

The noise from downstairs gained in volume, pesky and interfering as static. Unable to subdue his own peevishness, Pop struggled up finally and resolutely shut the door. He'd open it later. As he undressed, the first notes of the *Unfinished* welled up inside him.

He slept. The brush of door against carpet brought him awake. He sensed Elinor beside his bed, looking down on him as one would on a child, listening to his breathing, reversing their roles. Pop feigned sleep. The loss of dignity would be doubled should he open his eyes. Pretending sleep, he spared her, too.

Presently he heard her move back into the hall.

"Joe!" she cried from the room opposite. "He went and closed his door. What on earth am I going to do?"

This was more of the indignity. Sometimes, Pop thought, he wished he were deaf.

Joe was probably peeling off his undershirt; his comment came, muffled. "What's the difference?"

"The difference!" Exasperation replaced any trace of amusement in her tone. "Suppose something happened! Old Mrs. Wilson—you remember?—the one who hung on so long. Helen opened her door one morning . . ." Ellie broke off abruptly. "Helen never forgave herself; the old lady was all alone when it happened."

"Sure," Joe said. "Nasty shock. But it really isn't going to make any difference about Pop's door." His voice overrode some exclamation of Elinor's. "Your father's an old man, Ellie."

"He's got years and years left." She was vehement.

"The old boy needs some privacy," Joe said.

Whenever Elinor had been angry as a child, she'd cried. She sounded close to it now. "He's my father. I know what he needs. I want you to talk to him, Joe. If you lay down the law, man to man . . ."

"I don't like to do that," Joe protested.

"After breakfast," Elinor said. "I'll see you have a little time. Promise me, Joe."

Pop closed his eyes in amen at the sound of their window going up. Twisting in bed, it occurred to him he'd forgotten his prayers. But the comforting words didn't banish the image of Joe in the morning. It was woman stuff, and Joe was a big, hearty man who worked hard at the office and tried to squeeze in some golf weekends. Joe would be miserable. In desperation, Pop recalled someone had once said, and truthfully, that music was the highest form of wor-

ship. Thankfully, Pop evoked the *Ave Maria*. Gounod's. Angel voices, that one.

In the morning Ellie's fevered timetable got in the way, after all. Joe had to set up a table on the sunporch to display Rosemary's wedding gifts; the bridesmaids stopped by to try on their caps; the florist called.

A telegram was delivered in the evening.

Elinor's face contorted over the yellow sheet. "Your sister's bringing all three kids," she wailed to Joe, then whirled on Rosemary. "Somebody might have to sleep in your apartment, honey. It's ready. You won't be there."

"Mother!" Rosemary said reproachfully. "No!"

"Oh, all right," Elinor capitulated.

But her eyes lingered on Rosemary. "Where are you and Dick going, dear? Honeymoon or not, I have to know . . . for emergencies."

Rosemary shook her head firmly, her mouth clamped.

On Monday the timetable accelerated. Ellie and Lulu began the seemingly frantic turning out of the house. And Pop fled to the sanctuary of his room.

The musicians' magazine he still received had come that morning. Old Bud Parker, trumpet, and Oscar Carr, violin, were in the obituary this time. Seventy-six and eighty-one. Well, they'd lived full lives and had made music. And thinking of music reminded Pop of the tune he so wanted to write for Rosemary.

When he tried to fetch his ruled

paper in the closet, however, he found the high shelf just out of reach. The vacuum blared from downstairs. It would be a nuisance to disturb Elinor. After a moment's indecision, Pop closed his door and shoved a chair to the closet.

He was on the chair when Elinor opened his door.

"Pop!" she screamed.

It almost made him lose his footing. But he regained it in time. "Just getting something," he muttered.

"Don't move!" She came and grasped his wrist, her hand clamping on it. Once she had him down she collapsed on the chair. "You could have fallen!" She drew a deep breath, then put her hands palms down on her knees. "Pop! Don't close that door! You could have fallen.

CHANCE

*A huge rock, sharp, out of its place, has blocked
The blast of downward foam—this golden sight
Has halted time. Do not ask if one bud,
Two rays, three birds, can put God in your hand.
This is the moment. Before the new roaring
Of waters longing to be river, rushing
To sea; before the sea, air-flung, down closes
And is eternal surf again, oh look
Into the heart of beauty, instant-held,
Morning-revealed, immense. Else will the crater
Forget its tender weakness, and this chance
Will soon be time, and morning but a day.*

JOSEPH TUSIANI

SANCTUARY

*Gratefully they breathe the cloistered calm,
Exiles from eternity, who seek a balm
For their mortality. A fainting sun
Of altar fire flickers on the thorn-crowned One.
The weary old, their travail almost done,
The tender young, the timeless struggle scarce begun,
Lazarus and Peter, Magdalen
And Eve, pale Thomas, Pharisee and publican—
Shadows, etched in flaming jewel hues
Of leaded window glass, in dim-lit dusty pews.
The warning bells intone. And at the sound
They brave the world again, but walk on higher ground.*

KATHERINE GORMAN

LOVELY THE SHARDS

*Lovely the shards. An old, old locust tree,
with its great height and tortured quietude,
has shadowed on the early snow for me
passion almost as primitively rude;
Memory of an oaken Virgin, stained,
streaked in a wayside shrine; a music heard
in childhood; an El Greco Christ, harsh-veined
with beautiful sanctity; but these no word
loose to the awe-struck tongue, though they discover
to my unwilling and surprised belief
that I still love, though a disfavored lover
whose hope is past the rescue of his grief.*

DANIEL SULLIVAN

FRIBOURG

*From hillside cloister-cell a steep way down
the many-gabled and thousand-chimneyed town
lies in the elbow of impetuous water . . .
Beyond, a cliff, topped with an antique wall.
Except for tile and stream and verdure, all
is truly as the cliff's like-colored daughter;
And skyward from the crazy-sloping tile
towers the old cathedral campanile,
the standard of this cliff-made gallantry—
But also the nail that holds the city fast,
lest in a season of storm all stones at last
go tumble-rolled and flood-swept toward the sea.*

DANIEL SULLIVAN

I wouldn't have heard. It was just luck I came up."

"All right," he said, penitent. There were lines in her face, new lines, as if some inner spring was wound tighter this week. It troubled Pop.

Her timetable became perpetual motion during the next few days. And Pop kept to his room.

When Elinor found him still awake on Thursday night, she took an extra long time adjusting his window. "Pop?" He was glad of the darkness; her voice quavered. "Pop, has she told you where they're going on the honeymoon?"

"No."

"She talks to you sometimes . . .," Elinor prompted.

"I didn't ask her."

By Friday there was time only for essentials. Joe's sisters arrived in the afternoon, Dolly with the kids. Cots were set up in the guest rooms, and Lulu, up to her dark elbows in concoctions for the next day's reception, grudgingly served them a hurry-up supper.

"Everything's on schedule," Elinor kept repeating, parrot-like, her smile set. She made Pop think of a wind-up toy you set on the carpet. If you tried to stop one of those contraptions, it kept running, mechanically clicking out its prescribed motions in your hand.

Pop knew, as soon as he awoke Saturday, it was a perfect day for a wedding. The sun shone. Birds sang.

The house, a bedlam of noise and activity, overflowed—relatives, and others Pop didn't even know. It upset him, the way people shouted in his ear.

Pop found himself trembling with confusion. This was a day of sacrament, of Rosemary's wedding. He wanted some of it to himself, to accord it continuity and meaning. He stuck with it as long as he could. Then, he climbed the stairs. Elinor was well occupied, helping Rosemary dress. He entered his room and closed the door.

His pipe lay on the night table. This was a day for pipe smoking. Pulling his rocker close to the window so he could see out, he put flame to tobacco.

This joining of two people today—in time the joining would give off new blossoms, just as that rosebush down there on the lawn, and the new blossoms would doubtless reveal a likeness to Rosemary, to Elinor and Martha, and possibly and miraculously to himself. That was the pattern: the central theme repeated always, in endless variations, as in the *Unfinished*. How wonderful that he'd lived to witness Rosemary's wedding day! He closed his eyes, savoring its sweetness.

It was upon him thus, seated motion-

less, his head back, his hand with the pipe resting on the table, that the door exploded inward.

Pop turned almost at once. "Ellie," he smiled.

For a long minute Elinor seemed incapable of speech. She stood, arrested, like a figure in tableaux. Then she did move. A tremor agitated her whole body and she shook her head and advanced upon him.

"The scare!" she cried. "The scare you gave me!" She snatched the pipe from his hand. "You were asleep, Pop. You could have set yourself on fire!"

"I wasn't sleeping, Ellie," he said mildly.

"Pop! I saw you!"

She was knocking the smouldering dottle from the pipe into the ashtray but she stopped to face him. "I can't argue now. There's no time. I've told you and I've told you about that door." She turned to it and gathered herself with obvious effort. "We're leaving."

The patch of sunlight on the rug faltered and faded, as though the day had been violated, and Pop felt a heaviness invade his chest, almost like physical pain.

He rode with Joe's sisters. At the church, he didn't even hear the organ. Conitrite, shaken, he watched for Ellie. She came finally, clutching with both hands the arm of an usher, as though she walked through fog.

As soon as she was seated, it began: the music, the bridesmaids, Rosemary radiant and sure on Joe's arm. Pop tried unsuccessfully to enter into it.

The house buzzed later. Elinor was a dynamo, everyone said so: buffet, flowers, each detail perfect. Pop noticed Rosemary edging toward the stairs once, but Elinor intervened swiftly. "No, baby. It's far too soon."

When Rosemary finally did go up to change, Pop trudged after her to his own room. He was tired, and he'd said his good-by to Rosemary that other night.

He heard the rush of talk from her room, the banter, then the crescendo of voices as she descended. From his window he watched them crowd around Dick's car, then Dick opened the door and they all stepped back. All except Elinor. Rosemary moved twice to free herself of her mother's hold. At the last Rosemary had to jerk away. The door slammed; the car shot forward. Elinor did not turn until the others had gone back into the house.

A moment later Pop heard the sound of feet pounding up the stairs. Suddenly apprehensive, he went to his door.

Elinor was there in the hall, looking about, wild-eyed. She gestured. "They're everywhere. Dolly's kids . . . all those

people. Even in the bedrooms. Where can I go?"

Instinctively Pop said, "There's my room." He couldn't tell if she'd heard, but he stood aside uncertainly. When she'd stumbled into his room, he asked if she'd like him to stay. She stared blankly, wordless.

Pop, aching for her, tiptoed out and shut the door. He stationed himself before it.

Some of them came up after a bit, looking for her, but Pop didn't move. When Joe appeared, his face concerned, Pop shook his head. "I think it's just hit her," and a long look passed between them. Joe hesitated, then nodded, and went downstairs.

It might have been an hour that Elinor remained in the room. After he heard her moving about, Pop let her open the door herself.

"Sleep a little?" he asked, choosing the practical because Ellie would doubtless prefer it so. Her eyelids were puffed, her cheeks streaked.

"No." She sniffed. "What did you tell them?"

"Told them if they'd put on a shindig like this, they'd want a bit of rest, too."

"It wasn't that." She wiped furtively at her eyes, her face averted. "You know it wasn't."

"Had a daughter once myself," he said lightly.

Her head came up then; her gaze, stricken, searched his. "I never thought, then, of you and mother . . ."

"Neither should you have!"

Elinor glanced over her shoulder and shuddered. "I was scared in there, Pop. It's the end of something." She looked at him, questioning.

Pop sensed her attention, a bird momentarily alighted on a window sill, full on him, and he held his breath, afraid of frightening it away with clumsy words. He couldn't rub her nose in words. "It's the beginning of something else," he said, gropingly.

Ellie rubbed at her nose with a wet ball of handkerchief. "I just never thought . . . it would happen to me."

Everything happens to everyone, sooner or later. Lord, should he say that? But the moment shattered abruptly. Someone was calling him.

Elinor stirred at last. Leaning over the banister, she yelled back. Couldn't they let Pop have a nap?

He went into his room, familiar now, after all these months. The bed did look inviting. Pop sat down and bent to unlace his shoes. And suddenly, with a rush, peace and thanksgiving spread through him, for he had just heard the small but definite click of his door being closed.



Tom Monahan, right, president of the New York Professional Sodality, assists candidate at reception ceremony

The Sodality isn't for sissies



ED LETTAU

Scientist and Sodalist, Tom Monahan now sees the world with new perspective

The heights of holiness await the Sodalist, but the road is rough

by DOUGLAS J. ROCHE

It was nearly midnight as Tom Monahan, a graying, forty-four-year-old, stocky New Yorker, finished writing a complex paper for the National Academy of Sciences on the effects of nuclear-weapon thermo radiation on materials. He was tired, but one more report remained to be filled out, this one on a seemingly unrelated subject called "confidential self-evaluation."

Monahan listed what he had done in the past month to bring a Christian impact to his surroundings, recounted how much time he had spent reading religious, cultural, and professional literature, and reported the number of times and reasons for omitting daily Mass, mental prayer, rosary, and examination of conscience.

At 5:45 the next morning the shrill of an alarm clock roused him. He dressed quickly, slipped down to his living room where he spent fifteen minutes in mental prayer. Then with his twelve-year-old son, Richard, he walked five blocks to 6:30 Mass at St. Joan of Arc Church in Jackson Heights, near LaGuardia Airport.

By 8 A.M. he was flashing his pass at the guard outside the New York Naval Shipyard in Brooklyn and heading for his fifth-floor office in the Naval Materiel Laboratory. For the next seven-and-a-half hours physicist Thomas I. Monahan, head of optics, guided his staff of twenty-one technicians in research projects in heat and light which at times are up to 60 per cent classified.

Eight o'clock that evening found him in another part of the metropolis, the second floor of St. Ignatius Loyola parish house on Park Ave., where he called to order the forty members of the New York Professional Sodality. For the next three hours Tom Monahan, Sodality president, unobtrusively kept the meeting moving to cover a lengthy theological discussion on the Mystical Body of Christ, reports by Sodality sections dealing with business and industrial relations, communications, education, medicine, natural sciences, and social and political sciences.

No man better illustrates how the 400-year-old Sodality of Our Lady has shifted gears in the past decade to train laymen how to use the specific knowledge of their fields to link Christ with the modern world. No man can better upset the popular notion that the Sodality is a girlish institution where conformity to mediocre standards of a "good Catholic" is all that's required. "The Sodality is a tough, disciplined way of life," says Monahan. "It makes you an apostolic Catholic and dedicated professional at the same time."

Ten years ago the Sodality could never have held the interest of a man like Tom Monahan. Now there are hundreds like him through the U.S. who have been attracted into the movement by its rigorous spiritual requirements and the diversity of its apostolic action. The transformation of the Sodality to meet the new needs of the Church is one of the significant developments of the lay apostolate age. In fact, the increase in American adult Sodalists is one reason the U.S. was chosen for the Second World Congress of Sodalities of Our Lady. Seton Hall University, South Orange, N.J., is the site, Aug. 20-23 the date.

"A few years ago," says Monahan, who has journeyed frequently to Nevada and the Marshall Islands for nuclear tests, "I couldn't see any connection between science and the lay apostolate. Now I wish I could get all Catholic scientists to see what this connection really is."

Monahan learned the connection through the Sodality, whose social

apostolate is concerned not only with the victims of society but also the patterns of society which have created and are responsible for the victims. The apostolate of a Sodality such as the New York professional group is directed toward work in and through the professions—which simply means, says Father Francis K. Drolet, S.J., New York Regional Director of Sodalities, that a competent professional person, a Christian steeped in the mind of the Church, spreads ideas in his field to influence not only individuals but whole segments of society.

Monahan has gone to work in two areas, first by influencing his fellow scientists, and second, by living up to the social responsibility of the scientist to mankind.

"In a group of positivistically minded individuals," he says, "the presence of a scholar known to be both professionally competent and a Catholic may have a subtle influence." Yet Catholics are anything but conspicuous in the membership of professional scientific societies, and the publication of scientific literature is largely in the hands of non-Catholics.

"It may not be essential for salvation to belong to these groups," Monahan notes, "but it's one way we can demonstrate to our colleagues that Catholics are actually participating in scientific activities." With Sodality motivation, he broke down a reticence to joining in these activities and now regularly participates in national and international scientific conferences and has had a dozen technical papers published.

Monahan's enthusiasm for the Sodality so intrigued his boss, Joe McGreevy, and one of his subordinates, Joe Mangiola, that they, too, joined the Sodality. Monahan has become "a wonderful example of a Catholic scientist," says McGreevy. "He's plunged into extracurricular scientific activities which one might normally slough off."

The Sodality assists the apostolic scientist, says Monahan, by building up an interior life, giving great motivation to exploring the world through science, and providing group discussions for research and action.

It is precisely this comprehensive approach to life—providing the layman with a definite means of spirituality within the context of his lay life—which accounts for the growing shift in emphasis from high school to adult sodalities. Even the name "Sodality" is beginning to take on a new meaning in American Catholic Action. Instead of the formless school groups with which the word was once associated, Sodality is now more apt to call up the image of one of the apostolically effec-

tive and deeply spiritual collegiate and adult Sodalities found from New York to California.

The New York Professional Sodality (and similar professional groups in Philadelphia, Rochester, and St. Paul) is a logical outcome of the concept of the mature Sodalist. Its members, one-third of whom are men, include lawyers, policemen, doctors, nurses, engineers, and teachers. The type of membership, trying to build a Christian social order through professional opportunities, is further illustrated by:

► Vincent T. McCarthy, former Queens Borough Commissioner of Works, who has found the Sodality "not just another meeting group," but an organization dedicated to promoting the layman's special role as mediator between the Church and civil society.

► Marie Quigley, a young public school teacher in New Rochelle, N.Y., who sums up her attitude in the question, "What's more important, getting 300 people to a Communion Breakfast, or changing people's attitudes on race discrimination?"

In the past five years the Sodalists have thrown their group strength into such projects as encouraging legislators to preserve the sanctity of Sunday in New York State and preparing a sheaf of arguments against Right-to-Work Laws for Sodalists in other parts of the country.

Discipline is one of the group's outstanding characteristics. A three-hour interview with the spiritual director, four-and-a-half day retreat, and one year's probation are required of each candidate before he is permitted to make a perpetual consecration of his life to the Blessed Virgin. Although no vows are entailed, the consecration is an entire gift of one's self to the patronage and protection of Mary and commits the members to the full observance of the Sodality rules. These rules total sixty-nine and organize the Sodalist's life in such a way that they lead him, Pope Pius XII remarked, to "the very heights" of personal holiness and the apostolic spirit.

Mass attendance and the other prayers require about ninety minutes a day of a Sodalist's time. He must attend one general meeting and one sectional meeting every two weeks in addition to taking part in particular projects he may be assigned. Annual retreats (a growing number of Sodalists are sacrificing vacation time to make an eight-day retreat instead of the standard weekend session) and monthly day of recollection are called for. Each Sodalist puts himself under the guidance of a spiritual director and once a

month must fill out the confidential self-evaluation report which examines in great detail his spiritual progress in the Sodality framework.

This consecrated life is clearly strenuous. If a candidate doesn't have a vocation to it, he won't survive the first year.

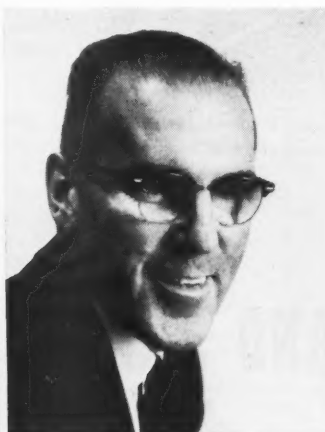
Vigor and toughness were injected into the Sodality from its very beginning in Rome in 1563 by the young Jesuit, John Leunis.

Following the suppression of the Jesuits in 1773 a severe crisis for the Sodality followed, resulting in a tendency toward pietism, large numbers, forgetfulness of the rules, and little apostolate. Father William Joseph Chaminade, founder of the Society of Mary, contributed to the development of the Sodality in the nineteenth century as a means of forming the "total

much in the minority, but are growing quickly.

Of the 18,641 sodalities in the U.S., about 800 can be described as sodalities following the *Bis Saeculari* formula. It is in these groups that the recent influx of male Sodalists is almost exclusively found. It may take a generation to weed out the dead wood, but the process has started. Many parish sodalities of long tenure have started a practice of building an inner-core Sodality whose members embrace the full Sodality life without disturbing the larger group.

In the next ten years, says Father James J. McQuade, S.J., national Sodality promoter, sodalities will be known more and more as an adult movement. The concept of youth sodalities as formational, leading into adult terminal sodalities, has been widely accepted.



Marie Quigley and Vincent T. McCarthy are typical of "mature" Catholics now attracted by the vigorous Sodality life

Christian." Nevertheless, the original idea of the Sodality as an apostolic organization stressing interior perfection for lay members was all but lost in the U.S., as elsewhere, for generations.

The modern Sodality movement, which has recaptured the original spark, dates back only to 1948 when Pope Pius XII issued an Apostolic Constitution *Bis Saeculari*, calling on sodalities to renew their vigor by strict selection and formation of members and fuller participation in the lay apostolate. Sodalities following the Pope's norms fully have since sprung up in colleges, alumni associations, and parishes, and have taken the form of such professional groups as Tom Monahan's.

Today there are some eight million Sodalists in the world. Those following the strict Sodality life are still very

By no means have the Jesuits a monopoly on Sodality organization. There are many diocesan directors of sodalities and even sodalities for diocesan priests. Sodality projects cannot be undertaken without a mandate from the local bishop. A close hook-up between the Sodality and the national and diocesan councils of Catholic men and women for united Catholic Action is foreseen.

In Cleveland, one of the leading U.S. Sodality centers, sodalities have tackled a variety of jobs: marriage preparation courses, family life conferences, distribution of Catholic literature, reorganization of parish Holy Name societies, providing commentators for dialogue Masses, the formation of an inter-racial group, and launching of a First Friday Club for businessmen's luncheons. The Cleveland Alum-

ni Sodality concentrates on the development of more sodalities. A Cleveland, Robert G. Graffy, is president of the National Federation of Sodalities. A steel broker and father of four children, he says he's "a better man with the kids" for his Sodality training.

This feeling is shared by Tom Monahan who says the awakened awareness of obligations to his neighbors and the scientific community has simultaneously brought an increased warmth to his family setting. "Tom had a personal piety before," says his wife, Muriel, "but now he has a vision of the whole Christian social order."

What the Sodality has also done for Monahan is to develop confidence in his competence. He speaks out publicly now to brand the scientific community as "morally derelict" for not having insisted several years ago on extensive studies on the harmful effects of atomic fall-out—"before the matter became a political 'football.'" He laments the skimpiness of knowledge about the effects of ionizing radiation and deplores the hushing of the U.S. nuclear program with the result that "the public cannot engage in intelligent debate on a subject which affects the world's destiny."

Monahan has worked for the Navy since 1941. Born of Irish immigrant parents (his father died when he was three), Monahan and his mother struggled with finances to launch the boy on a science career. He graduated from St. Peter's College, Jersey City, N.J., in 1935 with an A.B., from Fordham in 1937 with a Masters degree in Physics, and went on to doctorate work at Columbia. He received the Meritorious Civilian Award from the Navy and the Naval Ordnance Development Award for his research and technical work during World War II.

Now, as the Sodality pulls his religion and work closer together, Monahan spends an increasing amount of time thinking and writing about the necessity of finding a means of avoiding the destruction of the material world and resisting those who would make of the earth a Godless and useless passage of time.

The disintegration of the atom is a challenge for good. Radiology for medicine, irradiation for food, nuclear energy for power—all of this to build a civilization of justice and love, of man's dignity as a creature of God. And in such a civilization, adds Tom Monahan, scientist and Sodalist, the resources of the world will be distributed far and wide, rekindling hope in the hungry and oppressed, "and establishing a true, peaceful world community."

Bing Crosby and Debbie Reynolds in "Say One For Me"



John Wayne is a Colonel who leads a Union cavalry expedition into Confederate territory in "The Horse Soldiers"

STAGE AND SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

Reviews in Brief

Bing Crosby dons biretta and cassock again in **SAY ONE FOR ME**, a passably entertaining musical comedy soufflé, with results less inspiring and enjoyable than he achieved in *Going My Way* or *The Bells of St. Mary's*. This time he is pastor of an off-Broadway parish attended by show folk, and the problems are those of his footlight parishioners. Pre-talkie backstage clichés abound as Debbie Reynolds and Bing strive to de-fang Robert Wagner, who plays a smiling wolf of the Great White Way. There are laughs, songs, dances, and a great deal of treacle spread over the production. Ray Walston gives the best performance as a bottle-bound songwriter, and Connie Gilchrist adds some amusing touches as the pastor's housekeeper. This is an ingratiating summer musical, but far short of being impressive. (20th Century-Fox)

THE HORSE SOLDIERS, John Ford's latest excursion into the legend and fact of the Civil War, is a rousing, spectacular action yarn embroidered with brilliantly staged battle scenes and superb photographic effects. The principal flaws stem from an uneven script which never rises far above the routine. It is the story of a Union cavalry expedition deep into Confederate territory for the purpose of severing rail connections with besieged Vicksburg. There are some inter-

esting, though surface, efforts to depict Southern sentiment and valor in the face of almost certain defeat. John Wayne is a rugged, rigid, and resourceful Colonel in charge of the operation, and William Holden is a medical officer with humanitarian instincts. Their opposing views, and the presence of Constance Towers, a Southern hostage, results in some sharp dramatic exchanges. Robust, family-style adventuring, this has plus factors in spirited performances and some sharp directorial touches. (United Artists)

Paddy Chayefsky's hit, **MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**, comes to the screen without any appreciable improvement. If anything, it is less satisfying than the play because it is acted with noticeable incompetence by Kim Novak and seeming indifference by Frederic March. Playing a widowed man of sixty who finds temporary rejuvenation in an affair with a young employee, March's role is an unsympathetic one despite some obvious efforts to win the audience over. As in the play, the absence of moral values completely negates any technical excellence it might possess. This version is also poorly acted and ineffectively adapted. (Columbia)

HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS is a variation on the stage play which starred Don Ameche. This version brings Jane Wyman and Clifton Webb into focus as parents who take

their daughters on a trip to South America, a substitute for the European background of the play. The problems of young love complicate the trip and make for some amusing sequences, but the side views of Latin America and the hilarious reactions of the suave Webb are the highlights. An amusing family comedy. (20th Century-Fox)

Daphne du Maurier's **THE SCAPEGOAT** provides Alec Guinness with a dual role and Bette Davis with an opportunity for a flashy, vivid vignette. Guinness portrays an English schoolmaster on a French holiday who meets his double, an impoverished Count. After an evening of small talk and large cognacs, he finds himself shanghaied into the Count's shoes, suit, chateau, and myriad family problems. These include a loveless marriage, a bankrupt foundry, a precocious daughter, an illicit romance, and a morphine-addicted mother. This role is played with considerable over-emphasis by Miss Davis, who adds an unforgettably grotesque note to the proceedings.

Nicole Maurey, Irene Worth, and Pamela Brown help considerably in creating a mood consonant with the Du Maurier deception. This is interesting fare for the adolescent and adult audience, though inclined to be a bit pedestrian in pace. (M-G-M)

George Gershwin's **PORGY AND BESS** is an impressive example of meticulous moviemaking. Producer Samuel Goldwyn has provided every possible technical assist, from a first-rate cast to an apparently fabulous budget to achieve a fascinating presentation of the familiar, but always absorbing, folk opera. Dorothy Dandridge, Sidney Poitier, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Pearl Bailey have the principal roles in this widescreen version of the DuBose Heyward story of the complexities of life on Catfish Row. The Gershwin music has the hauntingly tragic quality necessary to communicate the moods of the Negro residents of the squalid yet carefree corner of Charleston, South Carolina. Heyward's often melodramatic libretto is embellished by such perennially appealing numbers as "Summertime," "I Got Plenty of Nuttin'," and "Bess, You Is My Woman Now," while the cast contributes some beautifully etched cameo portraits.

Adult in mood, tone, and conception, this is an unusual motion picture in which the principal attraction is oral. It is nonetheless exciting and exceptional. (Goldwyn)

Circus buffs have a treat in **THE BIG CIRCUS**, a colorful jaunt to the realm of the sawdust, the trapeze, and the taut wire. Storywise this is a return visit, but the attractions of the Big Top, when properly showcased, continue to intrigue audiences in every age bracket. In this instance the staging, the suspense, and the dramatic involvements are well above average. Victor Mature, Rhonda Fleming, Red Buttons, Kathy Grant, David Nelson, Peter Lorre, and Gilbert Roland are the principals in this well-balanced, vivid, and genuinely exciting circus charade. (Allied Artists)

The Rustic Trail

Summer playgoing this year offers few startlingly different attractions, but for those who number it among favorite hot-weather relaxations there are some worthy offerings.

Last year's successful spectacle **THE SONG OF NORWAY** has been brought back intact to the Jones Beach. Long Island, Marine Theatre. Edward Grieg's life and loves provide the pivot for a production which encompasses such diverse elements as a water ballet, fireworks, an ice revue, and a complement of acrobats. It's eye-pleasing, enjoyable, and for the purists such singing stars as Brenda Lewis,



Clifton Webb, Carol Lynley, and Jane Wyman in the amusing family comedy "Holiday for Lovers"



Rhonda Fleming plays the role of a press agent in "The Big Circus." She is shown on Babe the elephant in a scene from the picture

Helen Scott, and John Reardon contribute acceptable interpretations of the splendid Grieg score, weather permitting.

Students of Shakespeare and lovers of fine acting have two choices, the American Shakespeare Festival, currently in its fifth season at Stratford, Connecticut, and a distinguished company banded together under the name of Cambridge Shakespeare Festival in Boston. The former group has become a summer theater fixture, and its productions have been received with great enthusiasm in the past by critics and viewers of less demanding standards. This year's schedule includes *Romeo and Juliet*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, with Richard Easton, Inea Swenson, Aline MacMahon, Nancy Wickwire, and Hiram Sherman in the cast. The Stratford company is ambitiously embarking on a six-month nationwide tour after the present summer season. Judging by their first offering, *Romeo and Juliet*, the group needs firmer directional discipline and acting vigor before facing the more critical winter audience.

The Boston company is offering three productions during the summer semester, *Twelfth Night* with Siobhan McKenna, Fritz Weaver, and Tammy Grimes in the leads; Miss McKenna and Jason Robards, Jr. in *Macbeth*, and John Gielgud in *Much Ado About Nothing*, with Margaret Leighton. This latter production will then come to Broadway for a limited seven-week engagement.

In the lighter mood, off-Broadway is presenting an air-conditioned revival of **LEAVE IT TO JANE**, a 1917 musical with songs by Jerome Kern, a modestly efficient book by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, and an air of amiable antiquity that is engaging. The story deals vaguely with a college rivalry, an intriguing and scheming heroine, and the winning of that big game. Cleverly staged in cramped quarters, the show calls for its players to be nimble as well as attractive. Kathleen Murray, in the title role, is a standout in the cast. Recommended for the entire family.

Summer Playguide

The following ratings have been compiled from reviews which have appeared in **THE SIGN** and are reprinted for the convenience of summer playgoers. These ratings are based on the original Broadway productions. In some cases summer theater operators do make revisions, and objectionable portions, particularly in musicals, have been eliminated from local presentations. Plays current on Broadway are in capital letters.

FOR THE FAMILY: *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*; *Cradle Song*; *The Enchanted Cottage*; *First Impressions*; *The Happiest Millionaire*; *Holiday for Lovers*; *Jenny Kissed Me*; *La Madre*; *Late Arrival*; *Leave It to Jane*; **A MAJORITY OF ONE**; *Mrs. McThing*; **THE MUSIC MAN**; *Our Town*; *Peg O' My Heart*; *Peter Pan*; *Prologue to Glory*; *Ramshackle Inn*; *The Rivalry*; *Rose Marie*; *Salad Days*; *Seventeen*; *Show Boat*; *The Song of Norway*; *Stratford Shakespeare Festival*; *Sunrise at Campobello*; *Tall Story*; *Ten Little Indians*; *That Winslow Boy*; *The Well of the Saints*.

FOR ADULTS: *Ah Wilderness*; *Anastasia*; *And the Wind Blows*; *Apple of His Eye*; *Arms and the Man*; *Arsenic and Old Lace*; *Babes in Arms*; *The Bat*; *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*; *Bells are Ringing*; *Blood Wedding*; *The Boy Friend*; *Buoyant Billions*; *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*; *Call Me Madam*; *Carousel*; *Caesar and Cleopatra*; *Candida*; *The Chalk Garden*; *Charley's Aunt*; *Claudia*; *The Cold Wind and the Warm*; *The Confidential Clerk*; *Craig's Wife*;

The Crucible; *The Desert Song*; *Desk Set*; *The Desperate Hours*; **DESTROY RIDES AGAIN**; *Dial M for Murder*; *The Diary of Anne Frank*; *The Disenchanted*; *Flower Drum Song*; *The Gazebo*; *Getting Married*; *The Girls in 509*; *The Glass Menagerie*; *The Great Big Doorstep*; *Harvey*; *The Heiress*; *The Hidden River*; *High Ground*; *High Tor*; *The Honeys*; *Howie*; *The Importance of Being Earnest*; *An Inspector Calls*; *JB*; *Journey's End*; *Kataki*; *The King and I*; *The King of Hearts*; *Late Love*; *Life with Father*; *Life with Mother*; *The Loud Red Patrick*; *Madame Butterfly*; *The Magnificent Yankee*; *The Man in the Dog Suit*; *Man and Superman*; *The Man Who Came to Dinner*; *Mark Twain Tonight*; *The Matchmaker*; *The Merry Widow*; *The Milky Way*; *Misalliance*; *A Most Happy Fella*; **MY FAIR LADY**; *My Three Angels*; *Naughty Marietta*; *No Time for Sergeants*; *Oklahoma*; *Ondine*; *Once Upon a Mattress*; *Outward Bound*; *On Borrowed Time*; *Papa is All*; *A Party*; *The Playboy of the Western World*; **THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY**; *The Ponder Heart*; *The Potting Shed*; *Pygmalion*; *The Quare Fellow*; **A RAISIN IN THE SUN**; *The Reclining Figure*; **REDHEAD**; *Romanoff and Juliet*; *The Rope Dancers*; *Rosalinda*; *Sabrina Fair*; *Say Darling*; *The Student Prince*; *The Teahouse of the August Moon*; *Third Best Sport*; *Time Limit*; *Time of Your Life*; *Time Out for Ginger*; *Time Remembered*; *The Traveling Lady*; *A Touch of the Poet*; *Uncle Willie*; *Uncle Vanya*; *A Visit to a Small Planet*; *Who Was that Lady?*; *Witness for the Prosecution*.

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *Anna Christie*; *Annie Get Your Gun*; *Anniversary Waltz*; *Anything Goes*; *Bell, Book, and Candle*; *Biography*; *Bloomer Girl*; *Born Yesterday*; *Brigadoon*; *The Champagne Complex*; *Cloud Seven*; *Come Back, Little Sheba*; *Damn Yankees*; *Death of a Salesman*; *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*; *Detective Story*; *Dream Girl*; *Enemy of the People*; *Epitaph for George Dillon*; *Fallen Angels*; *Finian's Rainbow*; *The Fourposter*; *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*; *George Washington Slept Here*; *Gigi*; *The Green Bay Tree*; *Guys and Dolls*; *The Happy Time*; *High Button Shoes*; *The House of Bernardo Alba*; *Inherit the Wind*; *Jamaica*; *Kind Sir*; *Kismet*; *Kiss Me Kate*; **LA PLUME DE MA TANTE**; *Light Up the Sky*; *Li'l Abner*; *Look Homeward Angel*; *The Millionaire*; *Night of the Auk*; *Once More, with Feeling*; *Pajama Game*; *The Philadelphia Story*; *Pictures in the Hallway*; *Plain and Fancy*; *Present Laughter*; *The Rainmaker*; *Rashomon*; *The Reluctant Debutante*; *A Roomful of Roses*; *Room Service*; *See the Jaguar*; *Separate Rooms*; *The Seven-Year Itch*; *The Shrike*; *Silk Stockings*; *The Silver Whistle*; *South Pacific*; *The Tender Trap*; *Three's a Family*; *Three Men on a Horse*; *Triple Play*; *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*; *Waiting for Godot*; *Wish You Were Here*; *The Young and Beautiful*.

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *Auntie Mame*; *Bus Stop*; *Can-Can*; *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*; *Clutterbuck*; *Compulsion*; *The Entertainer*; *Fair Game*; *Fanny*; *Garden District*; **GYPSY**; *A Hatful of Rain*; *Hotel Paradiso*; *Janus*; *Ladies Night*; *Look Back in Anger*; **THE MARRIAGE-GO-ROUND**; **MAKE A MILLION**; *Middle of the Night*; *Mister Roberts*; *New Girl in Town*; *Nina*; *Orpheus Descending*; *Pajama Tops*; *Pal Joey*; *Personal Appearance*; *A Piece of Blue Sky*; *Picnic*; *Private Lives*; *The Rose Tattoo*; *Springtime for Henry*; *Summer and Smoke*; *Summer of the 17th Doll*; *A Streetcar Named Desire*; *Strange Bedfellows*; **SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH**; *Time of the Cuckoo*; *Threepenny Opera*; *Tunnel of Love*; **TWO FOR THE SEESAW**; *Ulysses in Nighttown*; *Up in Mabel's Room*; *A View from the Bridge*; *Waltz of the Toreadors*; *West Side Story*; **THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG**.

by Aloysius McDonough, C.P.

THE SIGNPOST

Benighted

A non-Catholic friend alleges that the Catholic Church is founded, not upon the teachings of Christ, but upon those of Peter who denied Christ, and that if the Church were really Christian, its center would be Bethlehem, not Rome.—L. V., APO, N. Y.



It would be interesting to know the religious background of your benighted correspondent. His claims and his tone are typical of a "store front church." To your earnest prayers for him, add some Catholic literature. We suggest that you apply for a list of pamphlets to The Paulist Press, 401 W. 59 St., New York 19, N. Y.

True—Peter did deny Christ, but repented, and his repentance was accepted. So much so that Christ bestowed upon Peter the primacy of jurisdiction and the infallibility which He had previously promised to bestow. Can we reasonably suppose that Christ would have bestowed such gifts upon a follower whom He deemed unworthy, or for the propagation of a counterfeit religion? Christianity was founded in Jerusalem—not Bethlehem. The transfer of the headquarters of Peter, the Vicar of Christ, from Jerusalem to Rome was providential. At that time, Rome was the center of the gentile world, and Judaism was no longer the divinely representative religion. The divine commission of Christ to Peter and his apostolic associates was to preach the Gospel and to baptize "every creature," "all nations." To have centered Christianity in Jerusalem or Bethlehem would have engendered hopeless confusion. Ironically, opponents of the papacy have been trying for centuries to prove that Peter never set foot in Rome! Although your friend is in a bad way on the score of abysmal ignorance, larded heavily with prejudice, we do not consider him hopeless. In his day, Saul of Tarsus was much more hostile toward the Church. But in this case, too, we think a miracle of grace is called for.

"Axe To The Root"

My daughter, who married a non-Catholic, has been very lax in the religious training of her children. My oldest grandson, a twelve-year-old, is almost out of his mind with worry, after a school instruction on the Sixth Commandment. He fears that all natural bodily functions are sinful.—D. MCE., FREEPORT, N. Y.

This case is one of hundreds which exemplify how necessary it is that the explanations of a teacher be precise. To be clear enough to be understood does not suffice. A teacher must be so clear that he cannot be misunderstood. Since the boy has little or no faith in his mother's religious reliability, there is only one way to lay "the axe to the root." Arrange for a session between the boy and the instructor whom he misunderstood. Otherwise, your grandson will be a mental patient in no time. Regardless of whether the instructor is blameworthy or blameless, alert him or her to the problem.

Why Not Ask?

My conscience seems to be in a constant state of confusion. Please answer the following questions.—L. J., ONTARIO, CALIF.

Space does not permit us to reply to your twelve inquiries. We can refer to those items only which are of general reader interest. Why not submit your problems to your confessor, one or two at a time? There is no reason for you to be tormented by an unsettled conscience.

It can be and often is sinful not to vote in city, county, state, and national elections. Voters control the polls—both candidates for office and the legalizing of public issues. Proposed laws are never neutral, they must be morally right or wrong. Hence, we should in conscience vote and vote conscientiously.

Assuming that you have told a lie to avoid hurting someone's feelings, the truth does not have to be told in order that you may merit forgiveness. But if you have damaged another's good name by lying about him, then restitution is called for.

When in doubt as to whether an action is sinful or not, venial or mortal, it is wrong "to go ahead and do it, anyway." For all you know at the moment, it is sinful—even mortally so—a risk you cannot morally run. Seek reliable advice, settle your conscience, and then act.

Trappist Brothers

Do the Trappists have a brotherhood? Where?—C. O., AUBURN, N. Y.

Yes. The Trappist or Cistercian Abbey nearest to your location is the Abbey of Our Lady of the Genesee, Piffard, N. Y. For further information, write or visit there.

Question Of Strategy

Some of my in-laws have joined the Jehovah Witnesses. For information, is it all right to read their pamphlets?—M. C., CLEVELAND, OHIO

The dictionary defines a fanatic as a person with an extreme, unreasoning enthusiasm or zeal—especially in religious matters. A good, even though only a partial picture of the typical JW. The disciples of "Pastor" Russell, the discontented Protestant, and of "Judge" Rutherford are also incredibly ignorant and deluded. The Apostle may have had their type in mind when he wrote of those who "have a zeal, but not according to knowledge." (Romans 10: 2, 3)

Judging by your letter, we think you could safely read their pamphlets. Their claims and tirades refute themselves. You have, indeed, every right to defend your faith. But when dealing with a fanatic, remember that it is futile to argue. A fanatic finds nothing more frustrating than "the silent treatment." It is a strategic mistake to let them put

you on the defensive. As for their so-called bible, it is a tattered remnant, tailored to suit their vagaries. You suggest an article in *THE SIGN*, with a view to offsetting JW ridicule of our religion. Their ridicule you will never put a stop to. An exposé of their history and spirit might bolster the faith of wobbly Catholics, but they themselves thrive on opposition. Although Catholicity is their pet hate, they are hostile also to Protestant Christianity and to the civil government. When those in-laws call, pity them, pray for them, but lock your door!

Subject To Change

Am confused and quite upset over the loose attitude of some of the laity and clergy toward the observance of Friday abstinence.—N. F. L., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.



We should clearly understand that rules of the Church covering such matters as fast, abstinence, holyday observance, celibacy of the clergy, and the like are matters of discipline only—not of doctrine. An article of faith is unchangingly true; to deny or doubt it is always to be in error. An article of morals is unchangingly right; to act against it is always wrong. Some things are forbidden because they are wrong, other things are wrong only because forbidden. The disciplinary laws of the Church can and do vary throughout the course of centuries, according to the prudent judgment of the legislator. Whoever makes a law can unmake it altogether or grant a dispensation from it on a particular occasion.

A dispensation from Friday abstinence was granted to those attending the silver jubilee dinner of your pastor. It is not a question of whether meat is less difficult to prepare than fish. Most of the time, most people prefer meat to fish. Aside from that, the very psychology of enjoying a concession, a dispensation, is contributory to the jovial spirit of such an occasion. On a reduced scale, it is the same dispensation enjoyed by everyone in a diocese on public holidays which fall on a Friday.

When it comes to forming a prudent judgment as to whether a sufficient reason exists, entitling a subject to seek a dispensation and entitling his superior to grant it, there can be room for debate—from liberal and conservative viewpoints. In their tendencies toward strictness and leniency, people vary. Although you are a conservative, it does not follow that, in this case, the liberals broke a law of the Church. In matters of faith and morals, infallibility is involved. Not so, however, in matters which are merely disciplinary.

Exorcism

Do priests still have the power to rescue one who is supposed to be possessed by a devil?—J. G., CORPUS, CHRISTI, TEXAS.

One of the four Minor Orders bestowed upon every candidate for the priesthood is that of Exorcist. However, neither an ordained exorcist nor priest may exercise this power without the special, explicit approval of the bishop of the diocese. Nor should the one so delegated proceed with the exorcism unless and until thorough investigation establishes the fact of diabolical possession. In any such investigation, two extremes have to be avoided—taking diabolical possession for granted or presuming that such cases no longer occur, that a person is afflicted with merely a nervous disorder. When duly authorized, an exorcism can be carried out in behalf of non-Catholics as well as Catholics and in

the case of an excommunicated person. The sort of exorcism referred to above is very different from the exorcism featured in the baptismal ritual, in the blessing of holy water, and the like.

With A Vengeance

Which is the worse sin—birth control or hysterectomy?—N. R., CHICAGO, ILL.

Birth control is stigmatized as unnatural because it is a deliberate attempt to frustrate the laws of nature, to prevent the conception of human life. By birth control, we understand either one such act or a series of such acts which may even add up to a habit. Every attempt at unnatural birth control is a grave sin. "And therefore the Lord slew him, because he did a detestable thing." (Gen. 38:10) However, it is always possible that the guilty couple abandon the practice of birth control—either in a spirit of conscientious amendment or at least for less commendable motives. But to plan or permit the removal of the womb solely for the purpose of making conception impossible is a crime of lifelong consequence. It is a most grave sin of self-mutilation, a flagrant violation of the Fifth Commandment. True—the guilty ones can repent. But the damage is permanent. When the organs are diseased, hysterectomy is obviously not sinful.

No Case

Am a non-Catholic divorcee. Have been going with a Catholic man for four years. I can't understand why he can't marry me, since I am willing to turn Catholic.—M. J., PITTSBURGH, PA.

If you are convinced that Catholicity is the only true religion, you should have become a Catholic four years ago, regardless of your freedom to marry. And as a good Catholic, you would not have been spending seven evenings a week with a man whom you cannot marry validly. As it is, you are both a very serious occasion of sin to each other and a scandal to others. Your only hope for a valid marriage to this Catholic would be on the proviso that you could avail yourself of the Pauline Privilege. That would presuppose that both you and your husband are unbaptized, that you are religiously incompatible, and that you enter the Church as a sincere convert. You would then be free to marry a Catholic, and by that marriage the previous bond would be dissolved.

Three Nails Or Four?

In our church, one crucifix represents Christ with a nail through each foot, while another depicts only one nail through both feet. Which is correct?—F. W., KEANSBURG, N. J.

From the Scriptures, that controverted detail cannot be settled. However, there is another source of information—the shroud or burial garment of Christ, preserved at Turin. Its authenticity is recognized by experts and it was highly revered by Pope Pius XI. The vapors which exuded from the Body of Christ during the entombment were such, chemically, as to imprint upon the burial robe, both accurately and indelibly, the wounds of Christ. From this negative imprint, science has produced a positive—a photograph of Christ Crucified. According to the Shroud of Turin, nails were driven through each wrist, not through the palms of the hands, and one long nail was driven through both feet, for which there was no footrest.

RADIO AND TELEVISION

by JOHN LESTER



THAT BREWSTER GIRL—Diane Brewster, a regular on the *Bat Masterson* series, is one of TV's most in-demand newcomers

WHILE TV continues to improve in general, it also continues to disappoint, to fall short of expectations in many ways.

The summer months, for instance, as from the beginning, are still weak program-wise in comparison with the rest of the year. In some ways, this summer is worst of all, what with the flood of re-runs showing on the networks as well as far too many independent stations. One network is re-running either on film or fabulous videotape 60 per cent of its weekly programs, another about half, a third a little less than half.

Of course, some of these are good although, even among good shows, it's a rare one that doesn't lose a great deal of its initial attractiveness the second time around.

As a result, many viewers no doubt find themselves recalling with nostalgic appreciation some of the standouts of the previous season, like the Gene Kelly and Mary Martin outings and Benny Goodman's latest *Swing Into Spring*.

Why and Wherefore

The thinking behind this custom of low-quality programming during the summer is related to the thinking responsible for Hollywood's late and unlamented rash of "B" and just plain trashy films and radio's plethora of gummy, weepy, saccharine-type programs over the years. The film capital reasoned that the average moviegoer was mentally deficient and would pay to sit and watch, hypnotized, practically anything that flickered across the silver screen. Those responsible for radio's long outpouring of balderdash were convinced that the average daytime

listener, the American housewife, was interested in nothing save vicarious romance and tear-jerking situations.

Now, the tycoons of TV reply, when asked to explain the quality of their summer schedules, that people don't watch TV in volume from mid-June to mid-September because they're away on vacation. Therefore, re-runs and other cheap shows are the only kind that pay their way.

Presto!, Etc.

At first hearing this has a ring of logic to it but, actually, that's as close as it ever gets.

Millions do vacation in the summer, of course, but they don't disappear from the face of the earth. The vast majority don't even leave the country. They simply switch locales and, since TV is nearly everywhere these days, merely wind up watching a set other than their own, unless they have a portable, which many do.

At least, they would wind up watching it almost as much as during the regular season—if there were more worth watching.

It's a kind of vicious circle and it will be a relief when those self-designated authorities on the kind of TV America should have get caught in its vortex, get terribly dizzy, fall down, and leave the rest of us alone.

Things to Come

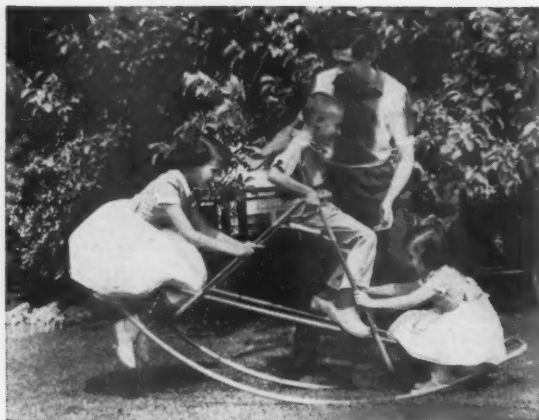
NBC has more Westerns coming up next season and already has slotted them in prime evening hours five nights a week. Some are new, like *Bonanza* and *Wichita Town*. This season's hit,

Bat Masterson, will be expanded to sixty minutes for insertion in the strip. . . . Also, watch for a concentration on law enforcement themes during the 1959-60 TV go-round by all webs series like ABC-TV's ambitious *The Untouchables*, *Desilu Playhouse's* recent dramatization of the crackdown on Al Capone. American will do this as an hour-long, weekly series. . . . Lena Horne set to sign for a string of four to six ninety-minute musicals this fall and winter. . . . Loretta Young is taking her crew to Europe to film at least six half-hours this year. One will be done in Lourdes. . . . Many parents will be happy to hear the award-winning children's series, *Ding Dong School*, starring "Miss Frances" (Dr. Frances Horwich), will return to the air in September on a syndicated (videotape) basis.

The veteran movie comic and character actor, Chill Wills, will star in *David Harum*, the new series based on Will Rogers' old movie of that name. . . . Another film veteran, Jackie Coogan, long famous as "The Kid" of silents, is studying the stellar role in an adventure weekly titled *The Magic Carpet*. . . . Success of Lowell Thomas' series inspired another world traveler to take to TV, John Gunther. Gunther's series will be weekly, however, thirty minutes long and will begin on ABC-TV in September. Title is *The High Road with John Gunther*.

Calling Dick Tracy

Millions of Americans soon will be wearing Dick Tracy-type wrist radios capable of sending as well as receiving, if the recent prediction of broadcasting



CHANGE OF PACE—Radio-TV host-ess Jan Murray is a summertime see-saw pilot for his three youngsters. Locale is backyard of Murrys' Rye, N. Y., home



PRE-VIEW—Nanette Fabray uses miniature TV receiver to show son Jamie how she looks on TV screen

veteran Ward L. Quaal comes true, which it probably will.

Mr. Quaal, currently vice president and general manager of Chicago's station WGN, says radio has "become so personalized and flexible" that wrist radios will be almost as common as wrist watches by 1970, if not sooner.

Gen. David Sarnoff, the long-time guiding genius of RCA-NBC, told this writer virtually the same thing several years ago although he was unable to pinpoint the date as Mr. Quaal has done.

How will this be accomplished?

By criss-crossing the nation with powerful beams to which a person can "tune" no matter where he is and always be in range of one or another.

Developmental and experimental work on both the beams and the tiny but powerful radios has been going on for years and, in fact, the one could be set up, the other marketed tomorrow. However, such projects often depend more on commercial considerations than technical advances, as Mr. Quaal knows. This no doubt accounts for his conservative prediction.

In Brief

Dale Robertson going over big on the radio circuit as you read this. . . . Also on tour is Don Wilson, who is lecturing on the subject: "My 25 Years With Jack Benny." Very funny. . . . Singer Pat Boone just plunked down \$1,000,000 to buy two radio stations, one in Fort Worth, Texas, another in Nashville, Tenn., his home state. . . . *Your Hit Parade*, one of the oldest shows on TV, is shaky again. CBS still doesn't know whether or not it'll be

back next season. . . . Many have written to inquire about Jack Barry, whose *Twenty-One* TV show was among the quizzers that faded when the giveaway scandals broke some months ago. The last this department heard, he was doing night club work and taking dramatic lessons in his spare time. . . . Just for the record: Pert and oh-so-talented Shirley MacLaine, who can command any price on TV these days, was making \$75 a week about four years ago. . . . In its recent move from CBS-TV to NBC-TV, the *Bachelor Father* series was guaranteed a solid sixty-five weeks, its many followers should be pleased to learn.

Milton Berle and George Burns have formed their own TV firm and production is now under way on its first venture, a filmed comedy series starring the irrepressible Milty. Burns is producing. . . . It's good to see Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour* back on the home screens once more. An institutional type show by virtue of its long tenure on both radio and TV, as well as part and parcel of Americana, it should never be allowed off. . . . Apparently Phil Silvers "has had it" and will allow his *Sgt. Bilko* prize-winner to fade away. So far, at least, there's no indication that it will be back in the fall. . . . Remember Bob Hawk, the rapid-fire radio emcee of long ago. Well, he has a new panel series titled *What A Coincidence* going the agency rounds. . . . Dennis Weaver, who does so much with the character of "Chester" on *Gunsmoke*, just signed with a record company. His first pressing will include two new songs, *Michael Finnegan* and *Girls Wuz Made To Be Loved*.



LOOKING AHEAD—Dan Duryea, shown in scene from *Suspicion* telecast, plans to begin production soon on another weekly series



STAR OF TOMORROW?—Singer Helen Curtis, hailed by critics as another promising newcomer since her appearance on several TV shows

BOOK REVIEWS

MY GOD AND MY ALL

By Elizabeth Goudge. 316 pages.
Coward McCann. \$4.95

The life of St. Francis of Assisi gives Elizabeth Goudge's ripe talents full scope. If the early chapters seem mannered, as she moves deeper into her subject her writing grows direct and strong. In all her novels she is mistress of the vivid scene. Her thirteenth-century Italy has the brilliant detail and color of an illuminated manuscript. But never does Miss Goudge stoop to portraying the popular St. Francis, the one-man SPCA, the Dr. Dolittle of Old Umbria. *My God and My All* insists on his boldness to do God's will, his Holy Obedience, his fidelity to the Holy Father. It dwells on his insatiable charity, particularly toward the leper outcast. (So, it was her founder's path she followed when, in 1883, Mother Marianne led six Franciscan nuns from upstate New York to help Father Damian in Molokai.)

Miss Goudge is an expert. She can evoke the full panorama of the Middle Ages, fashion vignettes of medieval monks, bishops, gentlewomen. But St. Francis dominates, never more awe-inspiring than when dying, blind and dropsical, he still works effectively for souls.

A scholar, daughter of a Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, accomplished novelist, Elizabeth Goudge brings learning, spiritual insight, and skill to her portrait of a matchless man.

CLORINDA CLARKE.



E. Goudge

GERMANY AND THE EAST-WEST CRISIS

By William S. Schlamm. 237 pages.
McKay. \$3.95

The issue of Germany and its future is everywhere around us these days. Will it be reunited? What happens after Adenauer? Can a summit meeting decide Germany's fate? These are real questions with quite uncertain answers.

William Schlamm, a truly maverick conservative, whose career in thirty years took him from the editorship of Germany's outstanding prewar anti-Nazi magazine to that of a special as-

sistant to Henry Luce of *Time*, Inc., relates the current story of Germany in a powerful, slashing, controversial manner.

Based on Schlamm's recent year-long study tour of Germany, the book is intriguing and, almost despite the author's often brilliant but always strongly opinionated views, it retains its interest to the end.

Schlamm is a dedicated advocate of the free market and sees much of life through a strongly anti-collectivistic economic posture. His examination of

postwar Germany ranges from a glowing account of her economic recovery, based on economic initiative and ambition, to a decidedly unfair attack on American Occupation policies that may have been naïve but were certainly not "left-wing." He couples a brilliant political analysis of the Berlin crisis, predicting by several months Soviet maneuvers in Geneva, with a lucid and fascinating commentary on the psychology of German guilt, the Adenauer phenomenon, and the state of sociocultural values in resurgent West Germany. In explaining today's Germany, Schlamm emphasizes America's past mistakes in handling the "most powerful country on the continent" and argues well and passionately for a new U.S.-German policy, the cornerstone of which would be a unilateral peace treaty establishing the base for a U.S.-German alliance to keep the peace.

ROBERT F. DELANEY.

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3. **MY FIRST SEVENTY YEARS.** By Sister M. Madeleva, C.S.C. \$3.50. Macmillan

4. **THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL.** By Rev. George A. Kelly. \$4.95. Random House

5. **DEAR AND GLORIOUS PHYSICIAN.** By Taylor Caldwell. \$3.95. Doubleday

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9. **FRIENDSHIP WITH CHRIST.** By Rev. Louis Colin, C.Ss.R. \$4.00. Newman.

10. **ABOVE ALL A SHEPHERD.** By Groppi & Lombardi. \$3.95. Kenedy

You are what you read. Read good books

SELECTED STORIES

By Mary Lavin. 281 pages.
Macmillan. \$3.95

Currently, the Irish writing metier of highest excellence molds itself into the short story. O'Faolain, O'Connor, O'Flaherty—the "O's" of last year, although still writing, are being outpaced in many critical minds by the newer "Macs"—McLaverty, MacMahon, MacManus. Yet with calm dignity, and properly so, for women writers have held higher place in Ireland than in most countries, Mary Lavin in many ways outsteps them all. Her quiet stories are not of "the back of the beyond" like Jane Barlow's or of the hunting set, as those of Somerville and Ross. Instead she writes of the middle people, the people "you'd be likely to know" or even be related to, either in Ireland or in this the next parish west.

Mary Lavin was born in New England, so it is very understandable that in all her stories she clings closely to what William Dean Howells called "reticent realism." Not for her, Frank O'Connor's lack of taste in dredging up memories of family poverty and degradation for sophisticates' amusement; nor the wry, aloof worldliness of



Mary Lavin



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O'Faolain. Mrs. Lavin has a sharper eye than either for human foibles and frailties; but her writing heart is tender and compassionate. There is a certain poignancy in most of her stories, but it is a sadness, as Longfellow wrote, that "resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles the rain."

There is quiet humor, the humor of understanding always; even in "My Vocation" a certain true pertness. Above all there is a deep spiritual quality in all her stories; more often implicit rather than expressed. But it is there, as if she were fingering her beads in her pocket in the intervals of writing; and that quality makes her so superior to her Irish writing fellows.

DORAN HURLEY.

THIRTEEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE KREMLIN

By Tibor Meray.
Praeger.

290 pages.
\$5.00

Americans still are confronted by that seemingly perplexing question: "What makes a Communist?"

Although you wouldn't suspect it from the title, this volume throws some light on this morbidly fascinating subject and this is the book's major strength. Tibor Meray, one of Hungarian Communism's leading journalistic intellectuals, was a dedicated believer. He was a recipient of that highly remunerative Communist award—the Kossuth literary prize—and he was, incidentally, one of the prime movers in the germ warfare campaign against the U.S. in 1952-53. Suddenly in October, 1956, he ceased being a Communist partisan because of his personal, intimate involvement in the Hungarian Revolution. This book, then, is really his valedictory to Communism couched rather pathetically in terms of a eulogy to his murdered colleague and friend, Imre Nagy, last Premier of revolutionary Hungary.

While much of the factual material on the uprising may be found elsewhere as, for example, in Melvin Lasky's excellent *White Book on Hungary*, there is a good deal to recommend in this well-written, but intellectually confused, treatment. We see the gradual disillusionment of so-called "moral" Communists; we see the despair of minds emptied of ideals with no place to go but to the streets; we see the beginnings of a return to society of ex-Communists who must with conviction and courage seek alternatives to the scourge of Marxist thought; and textually, for the first time in print, we gain accurate insight into the intrigues that characterized the actions of Nagy and his followers during those awful days.

ROBERT F. DELANEY.

CALIFORNIA STREET

By Niven Busch.
Simon & Schuster.

377 pages.
\$4.50



Niven Busch

As a welcome change from the flood of Freudian-centered books, here is a first-rate novel that commands respect. Author Niven Busch, a former Associate Editor of *Time* and Staff writer for *The New Yorker*, has lived in California for the last twenty years. Like many who have moved to San Francisco, he has obviously come under the spell of that fascinating city and is well versed in its lore. In this, his fourth novel, Mr. Busch tells the story of Anchylus Saxe, his wife and three daughters, and the newspaper he controlled. All the characters are vibrantly alive and the background of the city and the newspaper days of another era is authentic.

A quotation from F. Scott Fitzgerald points up the major theme: "Some generations are close to those that succeed them; between others the gulf is infinite and unbridgeable." There was a great gulf between Anchylus and his wife, who were molded by the mores of a former day, and their children. We learn to know them intimately: Alexandra, the beautiful, calculating daughter who became an international belle; her sister, Sharon, long dominated by Alexandra, who marries a famous columnist; Pamela, Anchylus' child "born out of wedlock," who played the part of Cordelia to her father's King Lear.

Mr. Busch has given us a brilliant portrayal of the life and times of a memorable group of people. Here is a book that should appeal to those who appreciate superb writing and a good story.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

A HANDBOOK OF CHURCH PUBLIC RELATIONS

By Ralph Stoodly.
Abingdon.

255 pages.
\$4.00

An apt definition of public relations is "doing good, and telling others about it." Granted the doing, Catholics are pretty poor about the telling. Most recent comments on Catholic public relations have been unflattering.

There is not even one Catholic-authored book on church public relations. Even when one of "our own" handbooks does appear, Dr. Stoodly's carefully outlined and well-written text will be still invaluable to the Catholic clergy and laity in their work of building a true image of the Church in the community. The author is general sec-

retary of the Methodist commission on public relations and information.

Everything he outlines in the way of principles and details by way of applications is 100 per cent adaptable to Catholic usage. The thinking is clear; the writing is facile; the "how to's" are all there in uncomplicated arrangement. There is a glossary of terms for the uninitiated and a very complete index.

The instances which the dean of U.S. denominational public relations men has noted in his parish, in Council and Conference positions over a period of forty years, and on assignments which have carried him into thirty-seven countries, are compactly presented with apt observations to give the reader a practical guide to "telling others" about the Church via press, television, and radio. One of the three sections consists of helpful advice on little things that add up to a favorable or unfavorable image of the Church: telephone and correspondence courtesies, housekeeping, ushering, parking, remembrance of anniversaries, sermons, titles, respect for press deadlines.

I recommend the book without reservation to the clergy, both secular and regular, and whether in parochial or diocesan assignments; to lay publicity chairmen, whether in parochial, diocesan, or national level positions.

REV. JOHN E. KELLY.

THE LIGHT INFANTRY BALL

By Hamilton Basso. 476 pages. Doubleday. \$4.50



H. Basso

This reviewer knows Hamilton Basso only by his fine biography of the Confederate General Beauregard, not having read his immensely popular *The View From Pompey's Head* of a few years back. But now, after finishing *The Light Infantry Ball*, it is easy to understand why Basso hit the best-seller lists with his earlier novel. He can write.

The locale of *The Light Infantry Ball* is the same Pompey's Head in the deep South, and the time is just before and during the Civil War. There is, of course, some crinoline and lace, but Basso has also made sure to weave a well-plotted, suspenseful tale.

Its central figure is John Bottomley, son of a wealthy planter and himself manager of one of his father's plantations. But Bottomley is no fire-eating slave owner and secessionist. He has been to college in the North—Princeton—where a philosophy professor was able to convince him that slavery was morally wrong.

But when his state leaves the Union,

John goes along, although he is sure from the start that the Confederate cause will inevitably fail.

From there on, Basso tells in these fast-moving pages how John and the other Pompey's Headers see their whole civilization and way of life go crashing down in the smoke and flame of war.

Basso has put in the time-tested ingredients which make up the historical novel recipe—a ne'er-do-well brother, a female temptress, the right girl, whom John finally marries, and the low-born Southerner, Ules Monckton, whose fanaticism and crusading for a slave empire ends in flaming death.

The Light Infantry Ball, a good many cuts above the Frank Yerby type of thing, is recommended.

HARRY SCHLEGEL.

DECISION FOR CHINA: COMMUNISM OR CHRISTIANITY

By Paul K. T. Sih. Regnery.

262 pages. \$4.50

We have in this book an excellent study of the basic spiritual problem of modern China. The author, a Chinese Catholic, is a scholar who has occupied important diplomatic positions in the Foreign Service of the Chinese Government during the last twenty years. He is now Director of the Institute of Far Eastern Studies at Seton Hall University.



Paul K. T. Sih

The important thing emphasized in this work is the fundamental harmony between Chinese Humanism and the Christian Faith. This harmony has been recognized from the time of Ricci until the present, but as yet its full development has never taken place. Because it has never taken place, a spiritual vacuum was created in China which led first to a series of pseudo-liberal solutions to China's spiritual problems and finally to a Communist conquest of the mainland.

We who are outside China can do little to help the people on the mainland because of the present impasse in the military and political orders. However, we do have a golden opportunity to develop that synthesis between Christianity and Chinese Humanism which must inspire the New China that is to emerge in the future.

The author realizes that this requires a co-operative effort of both Chinese and Western scholars. The thoughts here presented offer a further advance from the side of the Chinese. He asks that Catholic scholars, particularly the Catholic scholars of America, undertake, on their side,

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serious study of Chinese thought tradition that they might contribute their share to this work. The destiny of seven hundred million people is at stake.

THOMAS BERRY, C. P.

TAHITI NUI

By Eric de Bisschop. 284 pages.
McDowell, Obolensky. \$5.00

When Thor Heyerdahl took his "Kon-Tiki" across the Pacific from South America to suggest that this was the way human-kind may have moved to Polynesia centuries ago, it was inevitable that someone would say, "Bosh!" That someone was Eric de Bisschop. It is just as likely, if not more so, he said, that the Polynesians went to South America.

In proof of the premise, he set out with four crewmen on his own raft, "Tahiti Nui," in November, 1956, from Papeete, Tahiti, for Chile. The sixty-five-year-old raft skipper and his crew reached Chile, but the "Tahiti Nui" did not. After nearly seven months of generally eastward meandering that carried them beyond Easter Island, a severe storm fatally damaged the raft. De Bisschop had to radio for assistance. A Chilean frigate rescued the "Tahiti Nui" adventurers.

Undaunted, De Bisschop prepared a new raft for the return trip, which proved even more tragic. He died when his "Tahiti Nui II" foundered on a reef in the Cook Islands. The crewmen survived.

The book reveals a bit more about De Bisschop than about his trip. He seemed more intent on proving that an old South Sea hand, versed in the sea-going craft of Polynesia and the folklore of its people, is better equipped to pass historical and anthropological judg-

ments than more orthodox scholars. He could be at least half right, but this casual chronicle is unlikely to convince any scholars.

JOHN J. SMEE

YOUTH BEFORE GOD

By William L. Kelly, S.J. 416 pages.
Newman. \$3.75

There is a pressing need today to teach young Catholic students and workers to pray in terms of their everyday lives, of their work, their homes and struggles, their joys and sorrows. They must come to know and love Christ, through prayer, as a Friend who will advise, teach, console, and inspire them as they attempt to be *in yet not of* the modern world.

Youth Before God is a heartening attempt to help young people to pray as they must if they are to live out in their everyday lives all the implications of the words and deeds of Christ.

The eternal spirit of this book is aptly toned with a fine sense of the contemporary: the unity of all races in Christ (the photographs "Madonna in Ebony" and "Africa Waits" beautifully illustrate this concern); the urgency of surpassing Communists and humanitarians to serve mankind and to create a new and better world.

Father Kelly does an above-average job in getting on the wave-length of young Catholics and interpreting to them truth and ideals in a life-related way. In discussing purity, dating, and marriage, the author could have been more effective if he had adopted the approach of his fellow Jesuit and sociologist, Father John Thomas, S.J., a profoundly human, outspoken, and very realistic writer. Young people can't seem to be reached by any other approach. Excellent format, appropriate choice of poetry and illustrations, and the vital prayers combine to make this volume practical and appealing to youth.

JACK MCCARTNEY

THE FAMILY QUARREL

By Elswyth Thane. 308 pages.
Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$4.75

This is a book about a book about the American Revolution.

Benson John Lossing (1813-1891) was an American editor, artist, and historian. In his lifetime he wrote over a score of histories and biographies on American battles and leaders. Best remembered among these is his *The Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*.

Instead of relying exclusively on reports, letters, and diaries of the Continental chiefs, Lossing visited the scenes of conflict and interviewed the few survivors who as young people



Willing

► Upset because his team was on the losing end, the football coach looked at his bench of substitutes and yelled: "All right, Jones, go in there and get ferocious!"

Jones jumped up with a start and cried: "Sure, coach. What's his number?"

—QUOTE

were witnesses or principals in the war. In a foreword to his work he explained his method: "To collect the pictorial and other materials for this work I traveled more than 8,000 miles in the old thirteen states and Canada."

The result was a quaint and engaging account of the revolution enlivened by his on-the-spot sketches of battle scenes as he found them sixty-odd years after the war.

Miss Elswyth Thane has resurrected this work of devotion first published in 1851. With copious quotations from it and from accounts of several who engaged in battle, she has woven an attractive tapestry of half-forgotten heroes. Interlining her own descriptive commentaries on places and people, she has produced a work that should be well received by lovers of American history. Her book concentrates on the war fought in the southern states, as described by Lossing in his second volume, from the ninth chapter to the conclusion of his work.

In company with him we see in detail the battles of King's Mountain, Guilford Courthouse, and other bitter engagements up to the final victory at Yorktown.

The book is well-planned and executed and should revive an interest in the original work of Benson Lossing, who talked with those who were there.

PAUL QUINN.

DECADE IN EUROPE

By Barrett McGurn.
Dutton.

288 pages.
\$5.00

The name Barrett McGurn is as familiar to many American newspaper readers as today's headlines. In this semi-autobiography McGurn tells the story of how a Brooklyn Irish Catholic boy, dreaming of the lands beyond the sea, finds the dream come true as a top foreign correspondent interpreting European post-war events to American readers of the influential *New York Herald Tribune*.



B. McGurn

The report McGurn renders is typically his: careful, temperate, thoughtful, compassionate. It is a story of violence, poverty, revolution, war, and political intrigue. From the destitute Italy in 1946 to the smouldering sands of North Africa in 1958, McGurn takes you inside himself as he tells of Vatican consistories, the death of a pope, the rape of Hungary, and the collapse of the French African colonies.

But beyond the events, and of greater interest for thoughtful readers, is the image of the thoroughly Catholic

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journalist which comes out of every page. His values, his hope, his genuine love of and faith in Christian civilization are fascinating to see reproduced in print. Here in a way is the end-product of a Christian upbringing and education.

Where others are cynical, McGurn sees hope; where others are violent, McGurn extends understanding; where others are fearful, McGurn feels, as expressed in his closing . . . "after a decade in and around the Continent which I had longed to see I was heartened with what I had found and was sure that the beneficent contribution of Europe and the West was far from finished."

ROBERT FINLEY DELANEY,

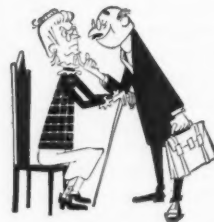
THE POISON TREE

By Walter Clemons.
Houghton Mifflin.

217 pages.
\$3.50

During his short career, young Walter Clemons (a Princeton graduate of 1951 and subsequent Rhodes scholar) has accumulated a flattering round of plaudits from the editors, including the Benjamin Franklin award received for the title piece of this collection of ten sketches as "the best short story published in an American magazine of general circulation."

The flyleaf points out the versatility



Rest Assured

► An old lady had just signed her will which had been witnessed with great formality by a lawyer friend and the executor of the will.

Picking up the papers, the executor rose and, patting the old lady on the shoulder, said reassuringly:

"Now you have nothing to worry about. From now on I'll take over. I'll keep an eye on the obituary columns."

—AGNES G. HAMPTON

of his work. The critics also call attention to Mr. Clemons' talent for creating atmosphere—a pearl of inestimable price when the finished composite offers a stimulating and rewarding experience.

But whether limning the eccentricities of a crusty seaman, "Boyd Margo," or the ungainly attitudes of adolescent "Merrymakers," the author leaves his readers with a vague feeling of discomfort. It is as if he's tricked us into expecting other than what he gives, and what he gives are characters baring their weaknesses in a painfully common manner, saying and doing things at which we'd really rather not catch them. Again, though the subjects explore diversified fields, an underlying sameness of depression colors each study, contributing an over-all effect of incomplete satisfaction. "The Butcher's Daughter" is a whimsical exception, but even that ends on a sigh of remorse.

Just as a matter of curiosity: what could be either a display of rancor or simply a bystander's judgment of the Church shows up glaringly in his shabby treatment of Catholics. Wasn't there a song a while back, "Try a Little Tenderness"? Maybe a few more years will lend Mr. Clemons the courage to take that advice to his typewriter.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI.

THE CURSE OF THE MISBEGOTTEN

By *Croswell Bowen*. 384 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$5.00

The towering talent and tormented spirit of Eugene O'Neill continue to intrigue. Prepared with the co-operation of his son, this readable, well-assembled biography offers some heretofore unpublished facts about O'Neill's relationship with his three children and the tragic facts of his final years.

The authors have a major error on their hands in attempting to prove that a "curse" rested on the O'Neill family, some misty malediction from generations back which dogged the O'Neills, bringing misfortune and disease of mind and body, and turned their sweet successes into bitter frustration.

O'Neill's life was indeed a tragedy, as depressing as anything he penned for the stage, filled with excesses, marked by a melancholia which drove him to an abnormal preoccupation with the darker side of human nature, and overshadowed by his abandonment of the Faith, a void he was never able to fill.

However, even when his plays were drugged with misery and scarred by abnormality, it was evident that O'Neill had retained more than a touch of his earlier belief. In discussing two of his plays (*Days Without End* and *Long Day's Journey into Night*) Sister Mary

Madeleva has written: "I am sure Eugene O'Neill was profoundly Catholic in mind and heart. They (the two plays) are parts of the same story of an extraordinary soul almost childlike in its attempt to spell God with the wrong blocks."

Winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, four-time recipient of the Pulitzer Prize, O'Neill's position as our foremost dramatist is acknowledged and secure. This portrait assesses the tragedies and misfortunes which beset him in private life. Written in concise, journalistic style, it is absorbing and rewarding, even though the author gives it a touch of the ten-twenty-thirty melodrama with his reference to a "black Irish curse."

JERRY COTTER.

SHORT NOTICES

THE PARABLES OF JESUS. By Francis L. Filas, S.J. 172 pages. Macmillan. \$3.75. This is a very useful manual for students and moderators of study clubs, a clear and concise treatment of Our Lord's parables. The fairness with which the author handles differing interpretations and the discretion shown in isolating what is essential to their understanding deserve much praise.

However, against the author's promise to treat all the proverbial phrases and sayings of Jesus, one searches in vain for the "needle" or the "gnat" or their more cumbersome companions in Matthew 19:24 and 23:24, although the "Narrow Door" (pages 114-116) might have suggested them.

The New Testament "many" of Matthew 22:14 is correctly explained as "all," but inexact as of Greek rather than Semitic usage. Yet the author strangely adds that "many" is "a term so relative that one cannot deduce whether or not the greater part of mankind is saved or lost." This might have hinted that this section on the Wedding Garment belongs to the parable of the Banquet and is concerned not with mankind, but with "His own" who "received Him not."

THE INFANT OF PRAGUE. By Ludvik Nemec. 304 pages. Benziger. \$5.95. Devotion to Our Lord in His Sacred Infancy has always been part of Christian tradition. In the last century this devotion has largely centered in honoring the Infant of Prague. Although many people have such statues in their homes, knowledge of the origin and spread of this particular devotion remains a mystery to most of them. Here is a book which is the result of extensive research which constructs the complete and authentic story behind the miraculous statue in Prague. Many readers will find the story fascinating as well as inspirational.

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BUDGETING WITHOUT TEARS

(Continued from page 33)

show that often one member of a family draws up the budget and dictates its terms to the others. This approach merely invites trouble.

Husband and wife should be partners in planning the spending of family income. As the children reach school age, they too can join in the discussion.

The simplest type of family money management consists of four steps:

► **Family income.** Write down how much money your family expects to receive during the year. Don't count uncertain income. That birthday check from Aunt Sarah, the bonus which your boss might give you—regard these as windfalls, not dependable income. Also, at this point, count only income after deductions. Later on, these deductions for group life insurance or hospitalization, savings bonds, etc., can be brought back into your financial program.

Divide your total income by 12, if you want to be on a monthly budget. For a weekly budget, divide by 52; semimonthly, by 24. This figure is your spending base.

► **Fixed obligations.** These are regular bills that must be met. They include rent or mortgage payments, taxes, installment debts, insurance premiums, church contributions, etc. Total all fixed items. Again divide by 12, 24, or 52. Whatever this amounts to, subtract it from the spending base and set it aside in a special fund. When any fixed payment falls due, pay it out of this special fund.

► **Emergency reserve.** Every family has its unexpected expenses: Tommy's appendectomy, father's broken glasses, repairs to the family car. A "rainy-day" fund will make these emergencies less painful. The size of the fund depends upon how much protection you have in the form of insurance. Most experts recommend an emergency fund equal to at least two month's income. Build up this fund gradually. Once it is at a comfortable level stop adding to it.

► **Living expenses and savings.** After allowing for fixed obligations and emergency reserve, the remainder of your income is available for day-to-day expenses: food, clothing, home upkeep, transportation, medical and personal care, recreation, education, and so on.

The amount budgeted for each of these items can be determined by experience. Your own records and sample budgets will be helpful here.

What is left after meeting living expenses will be your savings for that period. Savings can be kept in cash, deposited in the bank, or used to buy bonds or more life insurance.

Most families today maintain check-

ing accounts to pay the largest bills. Cash for daily living expenses can be placed in envelopes labeled "Groceries," "Bus fare," etc., or even kept "in a sugar bowl," if you prefer.

After the budget is set up keep a record of your spending, at least until you see how the budget is working out. Records can be as simple or complex as you wish. Budget and account books can be obtained in a stationery store, from banks and insurance companies, or made up from loose-leaf notebooks. Receipted bills and check stubs are records, too.

At regular intervals, compare your records with the allowances in the budget. Make any spending adjustments necessary.

Never use a "miscellaneous" or catch-all category in your budget. Every item of spending can be classified under some heading. In most cases, the items swept under the rug as "miscellaneous" are the ones where real economies are possible.

Don't copy your neighbor's budget. No two families are exactly alike in their aims, preferences, temperament, state of health, and responsibilities.

Among your day-to-day expenses include a "shock-absorber" item. This is to cover such things as the knick-knack bought on impulse, the quarter given to a beggar, or the unexpected price boost.

If your budget fails after all this, the reason may be:

► Income is overestimated. If your work is irregular or seasonal, average out the high and low periods. Don't estimate yearly income on the basis of your best months. Better to be conservative than caught short.

► Spending is underestimated. Allow for possible price changes or new family needs.

► The budget doesn't fit the family. Adopt the spending pattern best for you. Don't be brow-beaten by percentages.

► Too much emphasis on bookkeeping. If keeping records becomes a hateful chore, you are overdoing it.

► No provision for savings or a reserve. Be realistic and face the fact that unforeseen expenses are bound to arise in every family.

► The members of the family don't co-operate.

The last point is vital. The key to success in carrying out a good budget is *attitude*. The whole family must be willing to work together to follow the financial plan. Father, mother, children—all must be motivated by the desire for mutual welfare.

The most important thing in family finances is the kind of life you are buying. If you plan your spending wisely, it will mean a happier home life and a better, more secure future.

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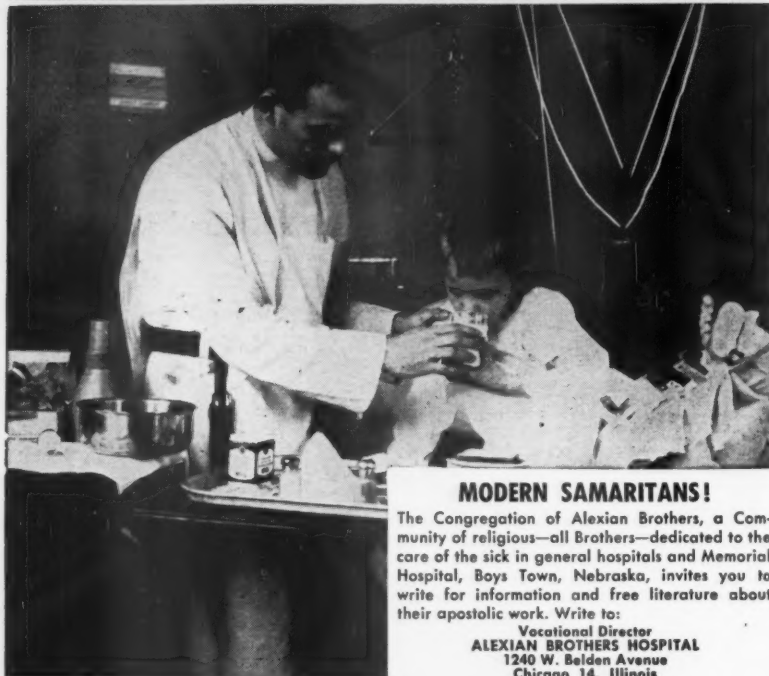
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THE CURÉ OF ARS

(Continued from page 45)

night or before, he went to his church, rang the Angelus, and said his prayers. After his fame as a confessor had traveled far and wide, there were always people waiting for him, even at this hour. He spent between sixteen and eighteen hours a day in the confessional, shivering through the damp winters, smothering in the close and humid air of Ars' torrid summers. In addition there were his daily catechism classes, visits to the sick, duties connected with his schools, and innumerable charities.

For twenty years the little rest he permitted himself was disturbed almost nightly by visits from the devil, or as the curé called him, "the Grappin." Now, of course, the devil visits us all, however little inclined we are to mention the matter in polite society.

But what was the devil to do with a man like our little curé? Here was an extreme problem indeed—and the devil resorted to extreme measures. It is a matter of record, in fact, that in his effort to catch Jean-Marie, Old Nick made a fool of himself, indulging in all manner of childish tomfoolery. He set fire to the curé's bed curtains. He made rat-like noises in the walls. He banged doors and rattled windows. On some occasions he spoke.

"Vianney, potato-eater!" he taunted. "I'll get you yet."

One night Jean-Marie spoke back. "Oh go away, Grappin," he said. "I always heard you were bright, but really the things you say are very stupid."

Apparently the devil's pride was wounded. He never spoke again.

The wonder, of course, is that the curé did not die at an early age from sheer fatigue and malnutrition. As a matter of fact, he lived three years beyond his three-score-and-ten, dying on a hot and stormy August night just one hundred years ago.

His "poor end," as he himself called it, came at two in the morning. There were crowds milling around outside and soon the roads into Ars were filled with more people as the bells were tolled and the word was spread that their little saint had left them.

But, in truth, he is with us still in glorious and comforting memory. Officially patron of secular priests, as has been mentioned, unofficially he is the patron of all of us who from time to time have a little trouble in understanding as we should—of retarded children, of slow-learners, of anyone who, whatever honest goal he sets himself in life, finds that to reach it he must work a little harder and be a little more determined than the next fellow.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

importance of Christian ideals. This would seem to be important in any attempt to solve any problem, especially one concerning so many individuals. I am interested in learning more about Senator Keating's Bill. Perhaps a future article would prove helpful to many others also.

JUDY HINIKER

ST. CLOUD, MINN.

POINT OF VIEW

It's beyond my comprehension how you can consistently defend labor unions, (Oh, I know you do slap their wrists occasionally as a loving parent would a child), and in your blindness march down the road to doom in the ranks of labor, while asking why we have less jobs despite the upturn in business. . . .

Otherwise I find your magazine highly enlightening and informative and a most enjoyable evening's reading.

A. C. ENGEL

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.

I recently became a member of your fine club, a reader of THE SIGN Magazine. From the very first it was enlightening to see that there's somebody in this country with backbone enough to stand up and be counted for the working man . . .

ANDY FOLIO

GREENVILLE, S.C.

SUMMIT SUICIDE

In your March editorial entitled "Summit Suicide," you said: "Take a look at a map showing the part of Europe overrun by the Red Army." Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia have been gobbled up and their people exiled to Siberia.

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STAN M. BRYA

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THROUGH THE MILL

Your magazine suits me fine. My non-Catholic friends at the steel mill grab them when I decide to pass them on. Then you should be here to give me a rest during their comments, questions, and arguments. . . .

THOMAS J. LAMB

SHARON, PA.

CANADIAN TO CANADIAN

I cannot agree with the theory of Mr. J. Dromgoole (THE SIGN, May) that all Canadians are opposed to Red China's

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entry to the U.N. Admittedly, the free world must stand up for its rights, but surely no one but a Fascist or neo-Fascist would be so narrow-minded as to bar from entry to the U.N. (a supposedly world-wide organization) a country which has within its borders one quarter of the world's population? If Red China is to stay as a world power, then it should be recognized . . .

My opinion is shared by almost everyone with whom I have spoken, so I definitely believe that Mr. Dromgoole was putting forward his own bigoted ideas on the subject and stating they were the opinions of a large number of his fellow Canadians.

DONALD WILSON

ALBERTA, CANADA

A WORD FROM AFRICA

I want to thank you very much indeed for sending us complimentary copies of THE SIGN. Dr. Lydwine van Kersbergen writes from U.S.A. that we are to have a year's subscription and that we may receive some back numbers from time to time.

Occasionally a copy of THE SIGN has found its way into our group and house, and I must assure you that we appreciate it very much indeed. It has vision on an international scale which makes it most useful to us in our discussion groups, as well as from an information point of view.

BEATRICE SHEEHY
(NATIONAL PRESIDENT)
THE GRAIL

TRANSVAAL, S. AFRICA

THE JUNE ISSUE

I have nothing but praise for your June issue.

The article on a teen-age code is apropos as we are organizing a youth council to work on the delinquency problem here.

"You Can Go to College" was also timely and worthwhile. By the way, parents can start saving money for the children if they are the type for college and if they have pennies to put away from time to time.

"The Weekend" was exceptional. I am only sorry that the teaching profession lost John McCue. It is a little unnerving in view of the fact that New York is second to Alaska in teachers' salaries.

PAT McDONALD

BEARDSTOWN, ILL.

A WORD OF PRAISE

Congratulations on the continued excellence of THE SIGN. It surely made a deep impression on many readers to observe that you are sending photographers as well as writers all over the world and accepting both articles and pictures from outstanding foreign contributors. The dramatic "available light" pix of Jacques Lowe are, in my opinion, about the best of any photo-journalist. Keep up the good work!

BROTHER E. IGNATIUS, F.S.C.
BELTSVILLE, P.O., MD.